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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE



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NUMBER

APRIL 1897

PUBLISHED BY
THOS. JAY OLEASON

NEW YORK

VOL. 46. NO. 4

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

APRIL 1897

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, 203 Front Street, New York.

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OUR PURPOSE

EVERY enterprise should have a purpose. A magazine without one would be like a rudderless ship. We submit in brief the purpose of **ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE**.

First and foremost, we shall present facts and truths to our readers each month that will materially help and instruct. As an indication of what we mean by facts and truths being materially helpful and instructive, we refer the reader to our **SELF-CULTURE DEPARTMENT**, edited by the "**AUTHOR OF PRESTON PAPERS**," whose initial contribution appears in this and will continue through succeeding numbers. The "**Author of Preston Papers**" has been so widely and favorably referred to in the public press as an able educator, speaker and writer, that an introduction here is hardly necessary.

In like manner we refer to our **KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT**, edited by **MR. FREDERIC L. LUQUEER**, Ph.D., a specialist in Kindergarten Work. We believe that there are many persons, especially mothers, who desire knowledge on the subject of the methods and principles of the Kindergarten, with reference to their application not alone in the school but also in the home. To tell the story of the Kindergarten in a non-technical and practical manner shall be our aim. The articles by Mr. Luqueer begin in the March and continue in succeeding numbers.

MISS MARY ALINE BROWN, editor of "**Woman's Temperance Work**," the official organ of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, will, in her interesting and forceful manner, tell us of the origin and progress of the Union in the past, also its plans and purposes for the future.

MISS LOUISE BOTH-HENDRIKSEN, whose fame as a student and lecturer on the History of Costume is international, will contribute a series of illustrated articles on **THE HISTORY OF COSTUME**, beginning with primitive man, and conduct us through the manifold changes of intervening centuries to the fashion plates of to-day. The value and importance of this series of articles, emanating from such an authentic source, can hardly be estimated, and the readers of **ARTHUR'S** have in these articles alone a rare treat in store for them.

Miss Both-Hendriksen is not only the pioneer in America in her chosen field, but occupies it without a peer. The first article will appear in the April number.

We purpose that our fiction and verse shall be elevating as well as entertaining. It must be good in itself, for we are not in sympathy with words, words, words, though they may come to us with all the delusive glamor of a celebrated literary or high-sounding social name.

Under the title of "SIMPLE WAYS AND MEANS FOR HOME ADORNMENT," MR. ED. DEWSON will tell us how to secure simple artistic results in home decoration at moderate price. He will go with us from the portal through each room in the house, advising us in the use of grills and draperies, rugs and stained floors, the arrangement of furniture, and the many accessories necessary for satisfactory results.

In the series "PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ART GALLERIES, ILLUSTRATED," we will treat separately each of the several best-known galleries. The text will so treat and comment upon the profuse illustrations that our readers will be made to feel familiar with the famous or distinctive masterpieces of the collection.

"ILLUSTRATED VISITS TO OUR PUBLIC PARKS" will serve to familiarize our readers with the natural wonders of our great country, and the beauties and the utility of the breathing places of our great cities. Special photographic reproductions of the foliage of the Pacific Coast, of the grandeur of the Yellowstone valleys, of picturesque Fairmount, of the statuary, architecture and natural beauties of Central and other famous parks will give special value in the current numbers of our magazine. We shall inaugurate the series with a collection of charming views taken in the immediate vicinity of Niagara, with an interesting description written on the spot by M. C. Schuyler.

FASHION NOTES. Suggestions will be given from time to time for the mothers and daughters of the home, "their sisters, their cousins and their aunts."

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MUSIC will receive its share.

CURRENT EVENTS of special interest or importance will be noted concisely.

The little ones shall also have a place especially devoted to their welfare and entertainment.

In a word, we believe a home magazine should be helpful, interesting and entertaining.

We cordially invite the support of those in sympathy with that sentiment, also their suggestions, opinions and criticisms.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, New York.

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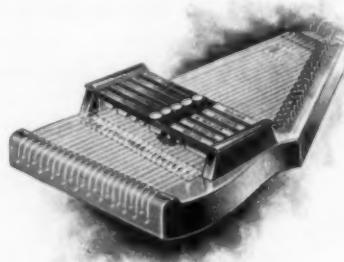
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A timely religious topic of interest and importance will be announced in the May number.

AT the request of many of its friends and in conformity with the hopes of thousands of its subscribers throughout the country, that this magazine would again possess that powerful influence for good which it had in former days, and also to familiarize the present generation with this remarkable story, the new management has decided to republish

“Ten Nights in a Bar Room”

by *T. S. Arthur* (founder of this magazine), in ten parts, commencing with the May number.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

NEW YORK

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Easter tide

Christ the Lord is risen again :
Christ hath broken every chain :
Hark, angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,

Alleluia !

He Who gave for us His life
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We, too, sing for joy, and say

Alleluia !

He Who bore the pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry;

Alleluia !

He Who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.

Alleluia !

Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven,

Alleluia !

Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed:
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing, by night and day

Alleluia !



Photograph by Rockwood, N.Y.

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EASTER

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SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)



Photograph from life

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, N. Y.

GENERAL U. S. GRANT

Arthur's Home Magazine

VOL. XLVI

APRIL, 1897

NO. 4



HAUNCEY M. DEPEW

ON

GENERAL GRANT

We are not yet far enough from this striking personality to read accurately the verdict of posterity, and we are so near that we still feel the force of the mighty passions in the midst of which he moved and lived. The hundred years of our national existence are crowded with an unusual number of men eminent in arms and in statesmanship; but of all the illustrious list two only have their birthdays legal holidays—Washington and Lincoln. Of the heroes and patriots who filled the niches in our temple of fame for the first century the birthdays of only two of them are of such significance that they receive wide celebration—Lincoln and Grant. When the historian of the future calmly and impartially writes a story of this momentous period these two names will be inseparably linked together. The President supplemented the General and the General the President, and without them the great battle of human rights and American unity might have been lost.

Reticent as to his plans, secretive as to his movements, repelling inquiry and disdaining criticism, General Grant invited the deepest hostility from the country at large. Two years

of war, which had carried grief to every household, and in which the failures had been greater than the successes, had made the people dispirited, impatient and irritable. The conditions were such that the demand for the removal of Grant many times would have been irresistible and the call for recruits to fill his depleted ranks unanswered except for the peculiar hold the President had upon the country.

Lincoln was not an accidental or experimental President. As a member of Congress he became familiar with the details of government, and in the debate with Douglas had demonstrated a familiarity with the questions before the people and a genius for their solution unequaled among his contemporaries. No one of the statesmen of the time, who might possibly have been President, could have held the country up to the high-water mark of the continuous struggle of hope against defeat, of fighting not only against a solid enemy, but an almost equal division in his own camps. His humble origin, his homely ways, his quaint humor, his constant touch and sympathy with the people, inspired the confidence which enabled him to com-

mand and wield all the forces of the Republic. He alone could stand between the demand for Grant's removal, the criticism upon his plans, the fierce outcries against his losses and satisfy the country of the infallibility of his own trust in the ultimate success of the command.

On the other hand, the aspiration of Lincoln for the defeat of the rebellion and the reunion of the States could not have been realized except for Grant. Until he appeared upon the scene the war had been a bloody and magnificent failure. The cumulative and concentrated passions of the Confederacy had fused the whole people into an army of aggression and defense. The North, without passion or vindictiveness, fought with gloved hands, at the expense of thousands of lives and fatal blows to prestige and credit. The lesson was learned that a good brigadier, an able general of division, a successful corps commander, might be paralyzed under the burden of supreme responsibility. Victories were fruitless, defeats disastrous, delays demoralizing, until the spirit of war entered the camp in the person of Ulysses S. Grant. Without sentiment or passion he believed that every reverse could be retrieved and victory should be followed with the annihilation of the enemy's forces. "My terms are unconditional surrender; I move immediately upon your works," was the legend of Donelson, which proclaimed the new method of warfare. He hurled his legions against the ramparts of Vicksburg, sacrificing thousands of lives which might have been saved by delay, but saved the loss of tens of thousands by malarial fever and camp diseases, and possibly at the expense of defeat. He believed that the river of blood shed to-day and followed by immediate results was infinitely more merciful to friend and foe than the slower disasters of war which makes the hecatombs of the dead.

From the surrender of Vicksburg rose the sun of national unity to as-

cend to its zenith at Appomattox, and never to set. Where all others had failed in the capture of Richmond, he succeeded by processes which aroused the protest and horror of the country and the criticism of posterity—but it triumphed. For thirty nights in succession he gave to the battle-torn and decimated army the famous order, "By the left flank, forward!" and for thirty days hurled them upon the ever-succeeding breastworks and ramparts of the enemy. But it was with the same inexorable and indomitable idea that, with practically inexhaustible resources behind him, the rebellion could be hammered to death.

As Grant fought without vindictiveness or feeling of revenge, in the supreme moment of victory the soldier disappeared and the patriot and statesman took his place. He knew that the exultation of the hour would turn to ashes in the future unless the surrendered rebel soldier became a loyal citizen. He knew that the Republic could not hold vassal provinces by the power of the bayonet and live. He returned arms, gave food, transportation, horses, stock, and said, "Cultivate your farms and patriotism." And they did. Whatever others may have done, the Confederate soldier has never violated the letter or the spirit of that parole.

All other conquerors have felt that the triumphal entry into the enemy's capital should be the crowning event of the war. The Army of the Potomac had been seeking to capture Richmond for four years and when the hour arrived for the victorious procession Grant halted it, that no memory of humiliation should stand in the way of the rebel capital becoming once more the capital of a loyal State.

The curse of power is flattery, the almost inevitable concomitant of greatness, jealousy; and yet no man ever lived who so rejoiced in the triumph of others as General Grant. This imperturbable man hailed the victories of his generals with wild delight. Sheridan, riding down the valley, re-

versing the tide of battle, falling with relentless blows upon the enemy until he surrendered, drew from his admiring commander the exulting remark to the country, "Behold one of the greatest generals of this or any other age." His companion and steadfast friend through all his campaigns, the only one who rivaled him in genius and the affections of his countrymen, the most accomplished soldier and superb tactician, who broke the source of supply and struck the deadliest blow in the march from Atlanta to the sea, received at every step of his career the most generous recognition of his services and abilities. He knew and was glad that the march of Xenophon and the 10,000 Greeks, which had been the inspiration of armies for over 2,000 years, would be replaced, for the next 2,000, by the relentless tramp of Sherman and his army.

Grant was always famous among his soldiers for the rare quality of courage in the presence of danger. But the country is indebted to him for a higher faculty, which met and averted a peril of the gravest character.

One of the most extraordinary and singular men who ever filled a great place was Andrew Johnson. He was a human paradox of conflicting qualities, great and small, generous and mean, bigoted and broad, patriotic and partisan. He loved his country with a passionate devotion, but would have destroyed it to rebuild it upon his own model. Born a poor white, hating with the intensity of wounded pride the better and dominant class—in a delirium of revenge and vindictiveness he shouted, "Treason is odious and must be punished," and by drum-head court martial or summary processes at law would have executed every one of the Confederate generals and left behind a vendetta to disturb the peace of uncounted generations. Between their execution and this madman appears the calm and conquering force of General Grant, with the declaration: "My parole is the honor of the nation." When, swinging to the

other extreme, and in the exercise of doubtful power, the President would have reversed the results of the war by reorganizing a government upon the lines which he thought best, he was again met by this same determined purpose, exclaiming: "My bayonets will again be the salvation of the nation."

General Grant will live in history as the greatest soldier of his time, but it will never be claimed for him that he was the best of Presidents. No man, however remarkable his endowments, could fill that position with supreme ability, unless trained and educated for the task. He said to a well-known publicist in the last days of his second term: "You have criticised severely my administration in your newspaper; in some cases you were right, in others wrong. I ask this of you, in fairness and justice, that in summing up the results of my Presidency, you will only say that General Grant, having had no preparation for civil office, performed its duties conscientiously and according to the best of his ability."

The times of reconstruction presented problems which required the highest qualities of statesmanship and business. In the unfamiliarity with the business of a great commercial nation General Grant did not, however, differ much from most of the men who have been successful or defeated candidates for the Presidency of the United States. It is a notable fact that though we are the only purely industrial nation in the world, we have never selected our rulers from among the great business men of the country. And the conditions and prejudices of success present insuperable obstacles to such a choice. Yet Grant's administration will live in history for two acts of supreme importance. When the delirium of fiat money would have involved the nation in bankruptcy his great name and fame alone served to win the victory for honest money and to save the credit and prosperity of the Republic. He, the first soldier of his time, gave the seal of his great

authority to the settlement of international disputes by arbitration.

The quality of his greatness was never so conspicuous as in the election of General Garfield. He carried with him around the world the power and majesty of the American nation—he had been the companion of kings and counselor of cabinets. His triumphal march had belted the globe, and through the Golden Gate of the Pacific he entered once more his own land, expecting to receive the nomination of his party for a third term for the Presidency. In the disappointments of defeat and the passions it involved, the election of the nominee of that convention depended entirely upon him. Had he remained in his tent, Garfield would never have been President of the United States. But gathering all the chieftains and commanding them, when they would sulk or retire, to accompany him to the front, his appearance in the canvass won the victory.

He was at West Point only to be a poor scholar and to graduate with little promise and less expectancy from his instructors. In the barter and trade of his western home he was invariably cheated. As a subaltern officer in the Mexican War, which he detested, he simply did his duty and made no impress upon his companions or superiors. As a wood-seller he was beaten by all the wood-choppers of Missouri. As a merchant he could not compete with his rivals. As a clerk he was a listless dreamer, and yet the moment supreme command devolved upon him the dross disappeared, dullness and indifference gave way to a clarified intellect which grasped the situation with the power of inspiration. The larger the field, the greater the peril, the more mighty the results depend-

ent upon the issue, the more superbly he rose to all the requirements of the emergency. From serene heights unclouded by passion, jealousy or fear, he surveyed the whole boundless field of operations, and with unerring skill forced each part to work in harmony with the general plan. The only commander who never lost a battle, his victories were not luck, but came from genius and pluck.

Cæsar surpassed him because he was both a great soldier and a great statesman, but he was immeasurably inferior to Grant, because his ambition was superior to his patriotism. Frederick the Great and Napoleon the First reveled in war for its triumphs and its glory, but Gen. Grant, reviewing that most superb of armies beside the Emperor and Von Moltke and Bismarck, electrified the military nations of Europe by proclaiming his utter detestation of war. The motto which appeared in the sky at the consummation of his victories, and was as distinct as the cross to Constantine, was "Let us have peace." Under its inspiration he returned to Lee his sword. He stood between the Confederate leaders and the passions of the hour, and with his last breath repeated it as a solemn injunction and legacy to his countrymen. As his spirit hovers over us, let the sentiment be the active principle of our faith. He meant that political divisions of our country, inevitable and necessary for its freedom and prosperity, should not be upon sectional lines. A solid North has been broken. The solid South must disappear. On these broad lines, supplemented from time to time with the immediate questions of the hour, partisanship is always within patriotic limits, and the successful party is the best judgment of the people.



Photograph by Leo D. Weil

NIAGARA FALLS, PROSPECT PARK

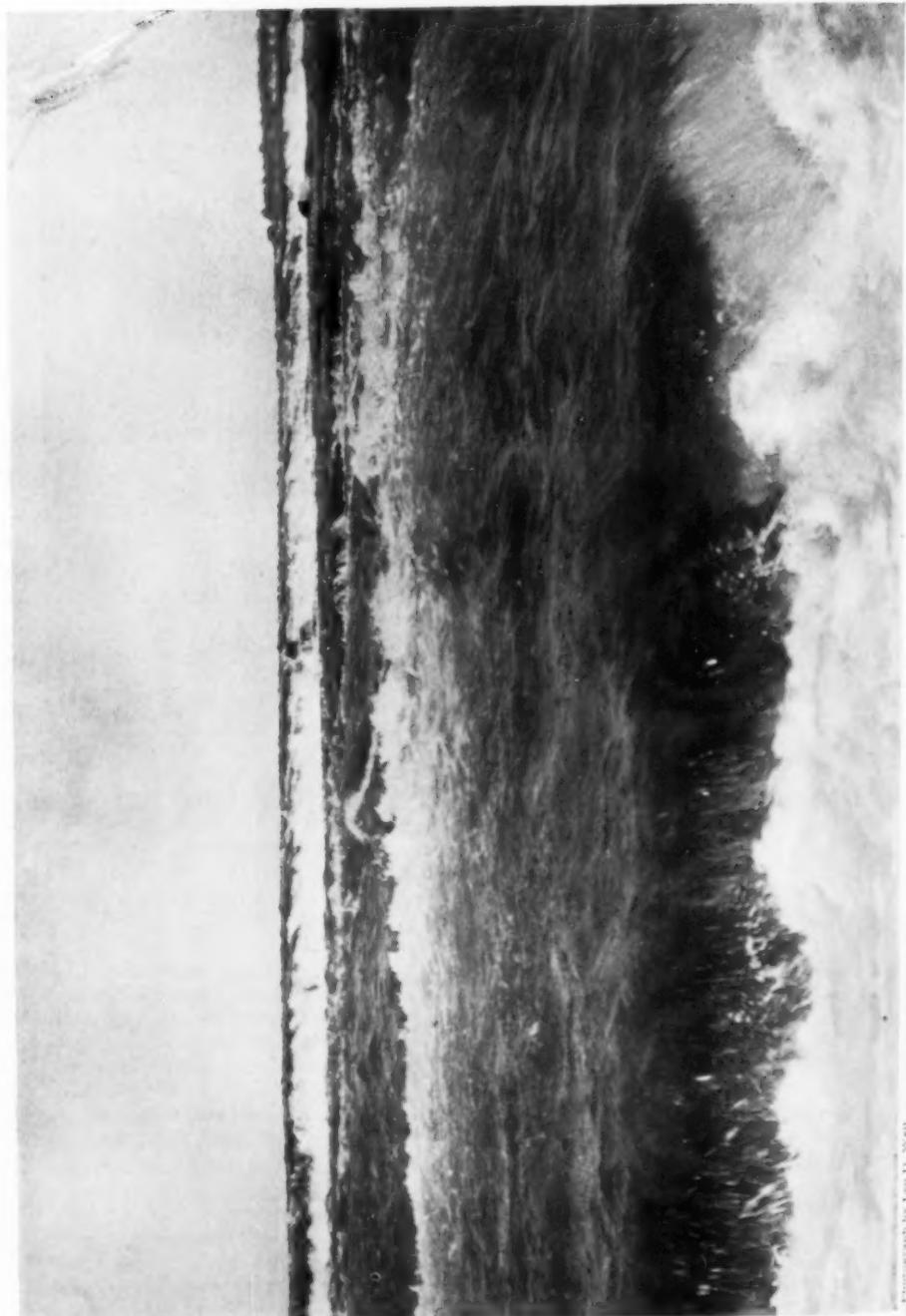
First of Series of Articles on Public Parks

By M. C. SCHUYLER

The question of public parks has of late years received an immense amount of attention, but not one whit more than it deserves. Our cities are increasing in size with a rapidity which would be startling in any country but our own, and in few of them is there a park of any extent. Small squares there are plenty, but the conditions of growth have precluded any possibility of devoting to the uses of pleasure any considerable territory *inter muros*, if one may be permitted the term. The result is that nearly all our large city parks are in reality suburban.

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Strange to say, the District of Columbia, which should be the garden of the nation, has no park of any importance. The government has, however, compensated the people for this want by giving them the Yellowstone in the West and the International park at Niagara in the East. The park at Niagara became a necessity, for the water power furnished by the cataract was an irresistible temptation to manufacturers, and with an utter disregard of the aesthetic aspect of the case they began making the shores hideous with their buildings. At the present time



there are breweries and other factories located just below the falls, on the rapids, but fortunately their ugliness has been spared us above the cataract by the action of the government in creating there a national park. There is no portion of the country with a better claim to beautiful surroundings than Niagara. Even the Yellowstone, with its majestic mountains, its trees, its geysers, becomes insignificant beside the enormous mass of molten *smaragdus* that pours in an untiring, unending, incomparably beautiful sheet over the table rocks of the Horse Shoe and American falls.

It is the volume of the water which is so impressive, its magnitude, its solidity, its massiveness, its appalling impetuosity as it rushes seething and hissing over miles of rapids and throws itself bodily into the mysterious, unfathomable gulf at its base. We approach it with awe and expectation

and are astonished but rarely impressed at first. Then its fascination lures us back; again and again we seek it, gazing down at the Horse Shoe from above as we stand on the slender bridge reaching almost to the curve of the water, looking up at the American fall from beneath, so near that its spray is drenching, and then a great awe comes upon us, a sort of fear creeps into the heart lest we should be forced to mingle our being with the mighty force which seems like the hand of the Great Spirit stretched out to draw us into eternity. Then only, after much communing, does the might, the majesty, the glory of Niagara enter the heart and lift up the soul till self, doctrine and doubt are forgotten and there is nothing with us but the voice of God.

It is after understanding comes to us that the fitness of a beautiful surrounding for this gem of nature strikes



Photograph by Leo D. Well

"The land cuts out into the water"

home most forcibly. Alas! that we should be forced to say it, Canada felt all this long before it became of moment to us in these United States. The Canadian side of the fall is one beautiful park from the suspension bridge

park in its entire length for a few cents, whereas, formerly a carriage was the only way, and a very costly one. Beyond the trolley line the land slopes steeply upward, clothed with trees, shrubs and grass and crowned at the



Photograph by Leo D. Weil
"The green water churned to a milky whiteness."

to far above the cataract, and where this park ends there begins the private property of a gentleman who kindly allows the public a free entry into it, keeping it in such exquisite order that it seems still a part of the domain of the province. This portion of the park has a fine gravelled path leading along some ten feet from the edge of the precipice, protected on the outer side by an iron railing and improved at every vantage point by little pavilions, giving views of falls and rapids. A strip of lawn separates the footway from the trolley line, which now blots the landscape, but affords persons of slender purse a means of seeing the

summit by an imposing building, a convent of nuns who are privileged to live ever within sight, though beyond the sound of the mighty waterfall.

The trolley line, which runs through this park follows the edge of the cliff above the rapids and the river, terminating finally at Queenston, where in 1812 there was a memorable battle won by the Canadians, who, however, lost their leader. The Brock monument commemorates this victory, and from its summit there is a superb outlook over Lake Ontario, including on fair days a misty view of the city of Toronto. There could be no prettier location for a little town, for here the

land, "with verdure clad," slopes down to the shores of Lake Ontario.

The American portion of the park is still in a very embryonic state, and the natural conditions will prevent its ever being as handsome as the Canadian side. It has no mighty cliffs behind it, but only a broad, flat country, or, worse, a country covered with the town of Niagara, which is not an imposing background. The banks of the lake and rapids above the falls are being strengthened with breakwaters and a broad lawn is being made between the water and the pathway. Above the fall the trees are all young and newly planted and everything is in a condition of mere beginning; just at the fall, however, and below it, a different state of things exists. A handsome stone parapet juts out actually into the fall and is continued as long as the slope of the land renders it nec-

essary. Here the trees are magnificent old specimens and have been left unmolested, no defacing pruning giving them unnatural forms or a mutilated appearance.

A chute and stairway lead to the base of the cliff and one may wander about without let or hindrance dreaming, wondering, worshiping. The sturdy little Maid of the Mist lands here to take the venturesome up to the very foot of the great Horse Shoe, and a line of trolley cars starts from here for Lewiston on Lake Ontario. This line runs at the base of the cliff and gives a far better view of the whirlpool and lower rapids than the Canadian line. The quantity of water from the falls is so great that the river is actually arched in the middle, whale-back wise. It whirls and boils and tumbles madly about, a solid mass of foam, till the river broadens out a little and then



Photograph by Leo D. Weil

The whirlpool and lower rapids



swiftly and silently it rushes on past the calm, still-looking Devil's Hole, till it becomes the placid stream that empties into Lake Ontario.

By far the most beautiful part of the scenery about Niagara is found on the islands which separate the falls. These are all covered with gigantic trees and thick shrubbery and intersected with broad drives and narrow foot-paths. Unexpected views burst upon the eye at every turn and in the most unlooked for places little bits of absolute wilderness hide in the recesses of this carefully tended domain. Goat's Island is the largest of the many islets scattered hereabouts, and wise tourists explore it afoot. It is here that a steep stairway leads down to a narrow bridge out to the very edge of the Horse Shoe fall, and it is here, alas! that one man's folly cost two human lives. A young girl with her betrothed and her little brother came here to look at the falls and the young man, thinking only to tease the child, made a feint of throwing him into the water. A sudden, frightened movement and the little boy fell into the whirling water. The man jumped after him, but it was only two lives lost instead of one.

Just here at the summit of the fall, around the boulders that are scattered everywhere, are found the pebbles which are made into pins and other ornaments and sold by the traders in the shops. On the side near the American fall is the wildest part of this little island, not that it is neglected, but the impetuosity of the waters seems to demand that nature here shall not be tampered with. One little spot just here is shown among the full-page illustrations accompanying this article.

The Three Sisters, as the name tells, are three little islands joined by small but massive stone bridges, strengthened by cast iron clamps and braces. There is something exhilarating about this part of the scenery. The madness of the water seems to communicate itself to the visitor and the impulse to venture dangerously far out is well-nigh irresistible. There is one place

which is quite dry in summer but flooded with fast flowing water in spring and fall, and a huge boulder has stood there, in the same position, ever since the white man trod these shores. At another point just beyond this the land juts out into the water and one can stand upon it dryshod for hours perhaps, when suddenly the water will boil over it with startling force and the venturesome person is lucky if he steps backward upon the rock and not into the water on the other side.

The recklessness of the rapids is infectious and it needs a cool head to stand their proximity for any length of time without feeling the insidious temptation to "do likewise" steal into the brain. The grandeur of this portion of Niagara is felt at a glance, but there is no solemnity about it. It is magnificent because of its vastness. It has distance. The eye may span its breadth, but looking up into the lake it fills the view as far as the eye can reach, a succession of little waterfalls, one after the other struggling madly to tear away the rocky bed beneath them. It seems as if the waters in an agony of terror were trying to escape from some fierce pursuer, and as they hurry along, each wave trying to pass the other, the green water churned to a milky whiteness, the sight confuses and fires the brain. It is best after looking long upon the rapids to return again to the summit of the Horse Shoe, where the water falls calmly over the shelving rock and the spirit of the fall rises in a many tinted cloud of mist up to the very sky above.

The celebrated Swedish writer, Fredrika Bremer, gives a beautiful conception of the origin of the great cataract,

"In the morning of time," she says, "before man was yet created, Nature was alone with her Creator. The warmth of His love, the light of His eye awoke her to the consciousness of life, her heart throbbed with love for Him of whose life of love she had partaken, and she longed to present him with an offering, to pour out her feel-

ing, her life, for Him who gave it. She was young and warm with the fullness of primeval life; but she felt, nevertheless, her weakness in comparison with His power. What could she give to Him from whom she had received everything? Her heart swelled with love and pain, with infinite longing, with the fullness of infinite life, swelled and swelled till it overflowed in—Niagara. And the spirit of thanksgiving arose as the smoke of an eternal sacrifice from the depth of the water towards heaven. The Lord of Heaven saw it, and His spirit embraced the spirit of nature with rainbows of light, with

kisses of brilliant fire in an eternal betrothal.

"Thus was it in the morning of the earth's life. Thus we behold it to this day. Still we see the spirit of nature ascend from Niagara towards heaven with the offering of its life, as an unspoken yearning and song of praise; and still to-day it is embraced by the light and the flames of heaven as by divine love."

Is a little enthusiasm pardonable in writing about a public park? All who have seen Niagara will forgive it, for without the park Niagara would still be there as mighty, as majestic; but without Niagara—there would be no park.



Photograph by Leo D. Weil

"Covered with gigantic trees and thick scrubbery"



SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

BY JULIE CAROLINE O'HARA

On the eve of the nineteenth century, there appeared in the literary horizon a bright galaxy of poets, who, forsaking the more classical school of the preceding period, turned the tide of their genius into more romantic channels, and gave to the world treasures in which we can trace the revival of the lighter element in English lit-

erature. It was, indeed, the age of poetical romance.

Not the most brilliant of this constellation was our poet. Among his illustrious contemporaries, he does not hold the most prominent position; but for none do we feel so great an admiration for the poet himself, as for Sir Walter Scott! His readers wonder

whether they love the writer for the sake of his works, or the productions because they recall the dear author.

Walter Scott! the magic name to conjure up to the imagination—romantic—beautiful tradition—feudalism—and the days of chivalry now gone by. How many heroes has he immortalized! He has made familiar to many generations, old legends, tales and superstitions, which would otherwise have sunk into oblivion, had they

the long lapse of time, how different characters and events appear to the mind. They have lost any disagreeable feature which may have marred their beauty while they were actually present and have taken on a rose-colored hue; for only what was pleasant clings round the past!

Scott's works belong to the objective school, and are among the finest of that class. He does not display a keen insight into the human heart, nor



The trial of Effie Dean

not been clothed with the charming garniture of romance, by his inimitable pen. He has given to Scotland a history, and has awakened an undying interest in the personages and events of his native land. Historical facts, embroidered on a background of romance, are indelibly stamped on the mind. He brings us in close contact with all these great characters, until we feel as if we know them intimately, and they seem like old friends. Scott himself had an intense sympathy for what was past. He dearly loved the bygone age of chivalry and the usages of feudal life. When viewed through

does he study deeply the motives that control its actions; he simply describes characters as they are. His genius was poetical and romantic and as a poet, he first became known to the world. In this capacity he enjoyed a brilliant career.

There is a beauty about his poems that is truly characteristic, and, being unlike anything that had been attempted before, and, purely original in their style, they were received with enthusiastic applause. There is so much music in his poetry, it always seems to me like melody reduced to verse. It is so simple, plain and easily comprehend-

ed, that it needs no commentators; it has no inner, hidden meanings to be disputed about, and to puzzle the inquiring minds of subsequent writers; and I might add in sympathy the hard-worked brains of school girls and boys who have just begun to battle with the difficulties of rhetoric. What a boon Scott's poetry must be to them! All its value and beauties are found on the surface.

In the following exquisite lines from "The Lady of the Lake" we find ourselves alone with nature and the hunter in "Lincoln green":

"And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far-projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots—his ladder made
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd,
In all her length, far winding lay,
With promontory, creek and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light.

And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Ben Venue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaven high his forehead bare."

In these lines the poet has given us a magnificent and vivid picture, gorgeously colored, and sublime in its grandeur. In regard to them the "Critical Review" says: "Perhaps the art of landscape-painting in poetry has never been displayed in higher perfection than in these stanzas, to which rigid criticism might possibly object that the picture is somewhat too minute, and that the contemplation of it detains the traveler somewhat too long from the main purpose of his pilgrimage, but which it would be an act of the greatest injustice to break into fragments and present by piecemeal. Not so the magnificent scene which bursts upon the bewildered hunter as



he emerges at length from the dell, and commands at one view the beautiful expanse of Loch Katrine."

After enjoying literary fame in the field of poetry, for a period of more than ten years, and having reached the highest pinnacle of popular favor, there entered the lists a dangerous rival, who, with superior poetical genius and power of winning public favor, now became the idol of the day.

We cannot but admire the dignity with which our poet sustains his naturally awkward relation toward Lord Byron.

Noble, open-hearted Scott! He does not conceal that he feels his rival's superiority, but frankly acknowledges it. How gracefully he yields the palm! His was a nature simple and child-like which does not even know how to hide its feelings. He frequently speaks of Byron in his prefaces, and refers, in the most generous spirit, to his surpassing genius. In the introduction to "Rokeby" Scott says: "Notwithstanding, therefore, the eminent success of Byron, and the great chance of his taking the wind out of my sails, there was, I judged, a species of cowardice in desisting from the task which I had undertaken, and it was time enough to retreat when the battle should be more decidedly lost. Then he quotes these lines which Dryden has translated:

"I seek not now the foremost palm to gain;
Though yet—but ah! that haughty wish is vain!"

Let those enjoy it whom the gods ordain,
But to be last, the lags of all the race!
Redeem yourselves and me from that disgrace."

Finally he withdraws entirely from the race and leaves it undisputed to Lord Byron. How much the world owes to this apparent defeat! Entering upon a new field, he eclipsed his former efforts: for as an historical novelist, he stands alone, without a peer, the very prince of story-tellers!

One summer day, while rummaging over an old trunk (we can just imagine how the antiquarian spirit of Scott

must have reveled in that occupation which is ordinarily believed to be carried on by those of the feminine persuasion)—he came upon the unfinished manuscript of a romance, intended to illustrate the scenery and customs of the time of 1745. For nine long years it had lain undisturbed in the old trunk, until he had almost forgotten all about it. But it gave him a new idea, and this proved to be the turning point of his career. In a few weeks the novel was completed and published under the name of *Waverley*.

He then set himself industriously to work, and novel after novel followed in rapid succession. Here was something new—a veritable bomb thrown into the literary world. Who could be the author of these delightful romances? It was evident he must be an antiquarian, a lawyer, historian and poet—yet who could answer all these requirements? He was called the "Great Unknown." For thirteen years the cloak of uncertainty was thrown round the parentage of the "Waverley Novels," and interest in them was none the less, owing to the mystery surrounding their origin. Sir Walter Scott disclaimed them in the most positive manner.

While the historian must confine himself to facts and can let his imagination have no play, the novelist has more freedom and can introduce fictitious characters and incidents which add greatly to the interest of his work; and for this reason it is always more pleasant to take history in the sugar-coated, homeopathic form. Youth is especially referred to, on whose minds without doubt the historical novel makes a more lasting impression than the bare facts of history. Twenty of his novels are historical and are founded upon events that cover a period of seven centuries—from "Count Robert of Paris," during the eleventh century, down to "Waverley"—in the eighteenth. What an indefatigable worker he was—and how inexhaustible his resources!

Scott has portrayed woman's char-

acter in every possible phase of life, from the highest rank to the most humble. He has painted with equal skill the queen and peasant; and women of every period and nationality have been honored by his pen. He has given us correct and vivid ideas of their manner and conversation, and has even gone into minute details concerning their dress—that subject which is dear to the heart of every woman—shall we call it a virtue or a failing of the sex?

her path, it seems but right and natural that this beautiful creature should be finally rewarded; and great, great is our disappointment, when we come to the last chapter, to find that the cards are not out for the nuptials of Rebecca and Ivanhoe. So strong in human nature is the spirit for match-making that it seems as if the reader would have used any inducement to Scott, had he had the pleasure of his acquaintance, to persuade him to have fitly rewarded that faithful hero and



Abbotsford from the river

By far the most perfect and lovely of all Scott's characters is Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac of York. Here is painted a woman absolutely perfect and free from blemish. This heroine displays a moral dignity, strength of character and undaunted courage, mingled with so much tenderness and piety, that cannot but appeal to our strongest sympathy. She is always true to herself—but once in her manifold trials and sufferings does she fail to maintain the lofty standard of her nature. After coming out victorious over all the difficulties that beset

heroine! It is always so pleasant and satisfactory to have a book end up, after this fashion, "and they lived happily forever after"—then, we can lay the book on the shelf with a sigh of relief, for we know that the future of our favorites is safely disposed of. Even Thackeray longed to see Rebecca and Ivanhoe united. He said, "Indeed I have thought of it, any time these four and twenty years, ever since as a boy at school I commenced the noble study of novels, ever since the fair chivalrous figures and beautiful shapes of knights and ladies were visible to



Jeanie Deans' Cottage, St. Leonard's, Edinburgh

me, ever since I grew to love Rebecca, the sweetest creation of the poet's fancy and longed to see her righted." Scott himself settles this question to his own satisfaction, if not to that of his readers. He answers thus: "A character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded, rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with worldly prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit."

Another beautiful picture that Scott has painted is that of Jeanie Deans. Her intense truthfulness, which caused her to endanger her only sister's life rather than tell a falsehood, has made her famous. We are filled with admiration at her perseverance and dauntless intrepidity on that long journey on foot from Edinburgh to London; and after finally obtaining an interview with Queen Caroline—what an eloquent appeal she makes for the life of her sister—and we do not wonder that she is successful. She pleads, "But my sister, my puir sister Effie still lives, though her days and hours are numbered! She still lives, and a word of the King's mouth might re-

store her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never in his daily and nightly exercise forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and a prosperous reign, and that his throne and the throne of his posterity might be established in righteousness. O, madame, if ever ye kend what it was to sorrow for, and with a sinning and suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery! Save an honest house from dishonor, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death!

"Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves, that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrongs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your Leddyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—long and late may it be yours!

"Oh, my Leddy, then it isna what we ha'e dune for ousells, but what we

hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life, will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the haill Porteus mob at the tail of ae tow."

Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, as, her features glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn."

verley novels, there appears an article which is now amusing to us. After dwelling on the description of the siege of Front-de-Bœuf's castle, in which the jewess Rebecca is describing the attack to the wounded knight Ivanhoe, the critic continues thus:

"Before we quit this scene, we must observe that it contains an heraldic error, remarkable in itself, when we consider the antiquarian knowledge of our author, and still more from its coincidence with a similar mistake in



Loch Achray and Ben Venue

Of all Scott's romances, to our mind, "Ivanhoe" is the most delightful. It treats of a time peculiarly interesting to read about, though doubtless not so pleasant an age in which to have lived. In this work there figure all those characters who flourished during the Middle Ages—kings, crusaders, knights, the templars and outlaws.

In an old magazine published about five years before Sir Walter had acknowledged his authorship of the Wa-

his great rival, Sir Walter Scott. The Black Knight bears what Rebecca calls 'a bar and padlock painted blue'—or, as Ivanhoe corrects her, 'a fetterlock and shackle-bolt, azure,' on a black shield; that is, azure upon sable. This, we believe, as color upon color, to be false heraldry. Now on the shield of Sir Walter's Marmion, a falcon 'Soared sable in an azure field.' The same fault reversed. It is a curious addition to the coincidence of these two great writers, that, with all

their minute learning on chivalrous points, they should both have been guilty of the same oversight."

A very interesting character in the novel, Ivanhoe, is the Templar Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert; and not viewed from too critical a standpoint he seems to be quite consistent with the rough and blood-thirsty age in which he lived. But so fine is the critical acumen of the individual who discovered the before-mentioned "heraldic error," that he attacks the fierce Templar thus: "Brian de Bois-Guilbert belongs to that hackneyed class, the men of fixed resolve and indomitable will—fine ingredients in a character which is marked by other peculiarities, but too uniform in fictitious life, too trite to serve, as they do here, for its basis. To say the truth, we have been lately so bored by the continual recurrence of the Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer, who allows no law, that of arms, that if we had found a novel, which we were trying as an experiment, begin with a description of a person in whom 'the projection of the veins of the forehead, and the readiness with which the upper lip and its thick, black mustachios quivered upon the slightest emotion, plainly indicated that the tempest might be again, and easily awakened'; whose 'keen, piercing dark eyes told in every glance a history of difficulties subdued and dangers shared, and seemed to challenge opposition to his wishes for the pleasure of sweeping it from his road by a determined exertion of courage and of will,' we fear we should have been apt to push the inquiry no farther."

All this may be true, but what a trifling point to attack in a work of such merit!

The same article concludes this way: "Our parting exhortation to the 'Great Unknown' must be, if he would gratify the impatience of his contemporary readers, to write as much, and as quickly as possible; if he would transmit his name to posterity, in such a manner as to do full justice to his extraordinary powers, to be-

stow a little more time and leisure in giving them their scope; in concentrating those excellences which he has shown to be within his reach, and in avoiding those blemishes which he cannot but have taste to perceive." That was putting it mildly for the critic of those days.

Now, the severe critic may perform a very necessary and highly creditable duty—he may be a very useful personage in his department of literature—but truly his is a very unfriendly occupation! I judge he was held in secret terror by the rising author of prose or verse. Every great writer, in the beginning of his career, has felt the keen edge of the critic's weapon, and his path to fame has been made far more difficult, owing to unfriendly criticism. Scott, from his very nature, could never have been a critic. As this science was usually followed as a matter of business, it was always necessary to discover faults—if there were none visible, it was to the critic's interest to manufacture some—just as the lawyer must make a case, if possible—or the doctor discover a malady. He will succeed much better if armed with a microscope of the strongest power and a pair of the most delicate scales; with the aid of these instruments, he cannot fail to detect some imperfections.

Bulwer gives us in "Paul Clifford" a very concise outline of the science of criticism. He expresses probably his own views on the subject through a Mr. MacGrawler, the learned critic of the "Asinaeum." This profound man instructs Paul in the following manner: "Criticism is a great science—a very great science, and it may be divided into three branches, viz., to tickle, to slash, and to plaster. To slash is, speaking grammatically, to employ the accusative, or accusing case; you must cut up your book right and left, top and bottom, root and branch. To plaster a book is to employ the dative, or giving case, and you must bestow on the work all the superlatives in the language; you must lay on your praise thick and thin, and

not leave a crevice untroweled. But to tickle, sir, is a comprehensive word, and it comprises all the infinite varieties that fill the interval between slashing and plastering. In general, it may be supposed to signify one or other of these meanings: 'This book would be exceedingly good, if it were not exceedingly bad'; or, 'This book would be exceedingly bad, if it were not exceedingly good.' There is a grand difficulty attendant on this class of criticism—it is generally requisite to read a few pages of the work. And now, sir, I think I have given you a sufficient outline of the noble science, so, while I tickle this romance, you will slash the Inquiry, and plaster the Epic."

There is a charm woven round the simple, wholesome pages of Sir Walter Scott that leads us completely out of ourselves. It is true, he has not solved for man the deep problems of life; he does not stir the intellect to vigorous thought, nor does he sound the very depths of our being; but if

for a period he causes us to forget those perplexities which agitate the human heart, are we not to be thankful for the temporary oblivion? The after effect produced upon the mind by his writings is always soothing, it never disturbs. He shifts before our fancy, as with a magic lantern, a series of literary pictures of passing ages—warmly tinted by his glowing imagination. After a time spent with Scott, the mind is all reanimated, for we have wandered far away; he has gently led us mid foreign lands, and with him we have viewed novel and unfamiliar scenes; he has turned back the pages of time and has revealed to us what was written there; we have been transported into another sphere. When we return to this every-day world, does not everything look brighter, has he not instilled into life a new interest for us?

And so, for the many hours of enjoyment he has bequeathed mankind, we cannot but pay a passing tribute to the genius and memory of Sir Walter Scott!



The path by the loch, Loch Katrine



Helen on the Walls of Troy

Painted by Sir Frederick Leighton

FIRST ARTICLE OF THE SERIES

HISTORY OF COSTUME

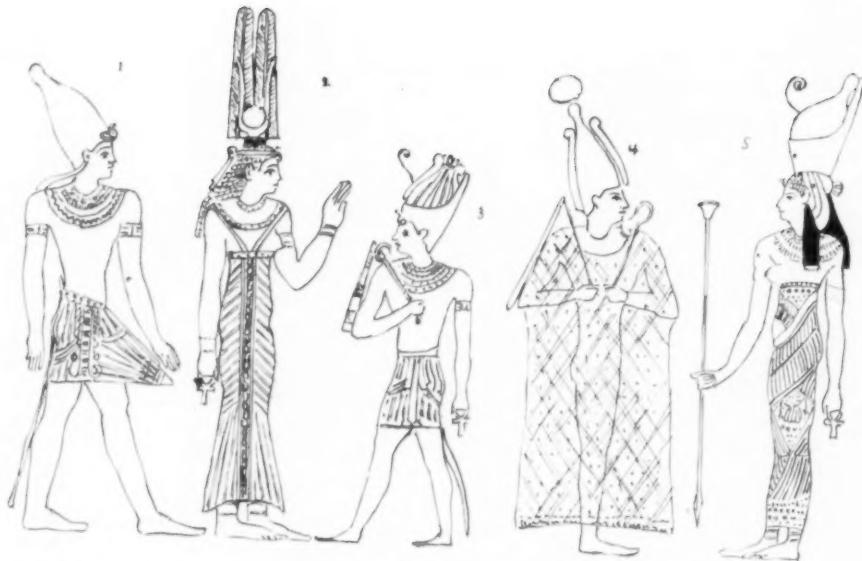
From Rameses to Alexander the Great

By LOUISE BOTH-HENDRIKSEN

From Rameses to Alexander the Great is a "far cry." Yet in our search for costume, we may go ages beyond Rameses, only to find the same strange Egyptian dress already developed. As early as we can catch glimpses of the past, we find the fine, transparent byssus, scarcely veiling the forms of the women, the manifold necklaces, and the loin cloths of the men. Fiercely the sun beats on the land of Egypt; the scanty raiment, the

protecting head gear are well adapted to it. Yet, even in his dress, the Egyptian's love of symbolism shows itself. Vaguely we discern the significance of color and shape, of garment and ornament; so vaguely that we often lose ourselves in mere guesswork.

We know the loin cloth, or shenti, was in general use for men; plain for the poor, richly striped and plaited for the noble. But what was the meaning or use of the projecting



appendage fastened on in front by decorated bands or ribbons? Was it of cloth over a frame; was it of leather? Only the members of the royal family, or very high dignitaries seem to wear it. It is pictured in figure 1.

Men shaved their heads; boys wore the "lock of youth," until promoted to the responsibilities of manhood. Curious wigs, for protection from the sun's rays, were worn by men and women; when surmounted by the uræus or sacred serpent, the wearer is always a member of the royal family. The feet, generally bare, were sometimes shod with sandals apparently of woven papyrus, with projecting toe.

Women sometimes braided their hair in numerous fine braids; sometimes wore wigs encircling their faces like caps, or head-dresses resembling birds whose wings came down their cheeks to the neck. Such an arrangement is seen in figure 5, which represents a princess dressed to personate the Goddess Mout. She wears over this bird head-dress the pshtent or double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt, with the uraeus. Her dress

simulates the wings of the goddess; it clings so tightly to her person, we wonder what contrivance allowed the close folds to move, enabling the Egyptian dame to walk.

Figure 2 represents a queen; her closely clinging raiment, or, rather, skirt, for it does not reach the bosom, is held by bands that cross over the shoulders. She wears a sacred head-dress, with winged globe, ram's horns, curving feathers, and uræus, each a symbol.

Figure 4 is Osiris, mummy-like in rigidity, enveloped in a long, flowing robe. The harpist wears another flowing robe of thin material. Such robes are more often worn by women. Frequently this diaphanous robe is only indicated by a line outside the body and crossing the feet, or by a few creases on the bosom. The tissue must have been fairy-like in its daintiness. The weavers and dyers of Egypt were masters in their crafts. Hair-dressers and wig-makers must have driven a lively business, rivalled, perhaps by jewelers, for an Egyptian bodice may be said to consist, often, of rows of necklaces.

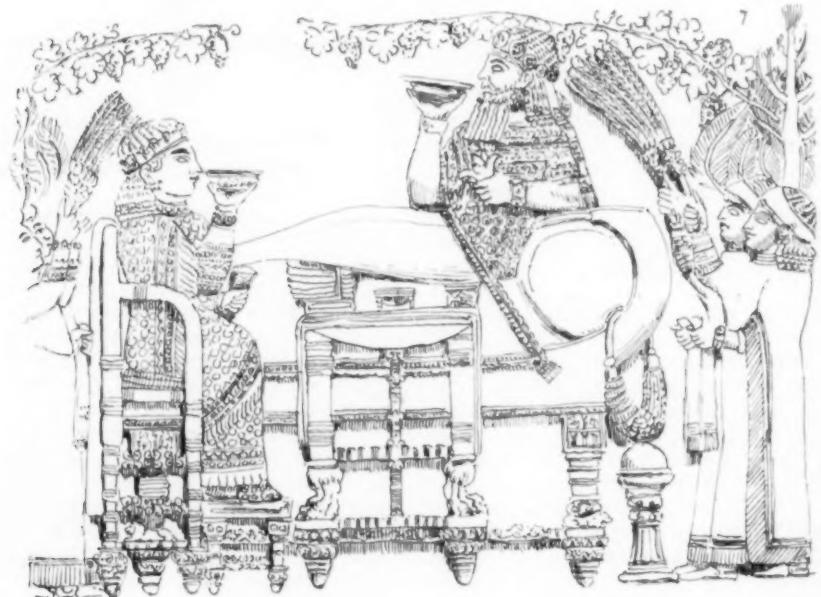
The raiment of the poor is scanty, but well woven and dyed; the difference in social classes being shown



mainly by the delicacy of material and complexity of design. Fashion, however, did not change in Egypt with the bewildering rapidity of the present age; a thousand years leave but suggestions of change.

When had they passed out of their barbaric conditions? Were they ever barbaric? No answer comes to us from the distant ages of the past, whose mists rise to reveal to us the Egyptian nation so developed in its arts, and self-centered in its religion and customs, that it assimilates to those customs and that religion all nations that, for centuries, come in contact with it.

Cross the desert, enter Mesopotamia, and follow the course of the Euphrates and Tigris. Babylonian and Assyrian costumes differ as widely from those of Egypt as do their religions. Though the climate is warm, we shall find richly woven and embroidered garments, falling in heavy folds to the feet. We can trace three distinct articles of apparel—the body garment, the over dress and the outer cloak. The over dress was heavily trimmed at the bottom, and was always worn with a belt. The outer cloak or coat was shorter, and was used in hunting and some ceremonial





pageants. Far from shaving, the Babylonian lavished attention on his beard and hair, and was imitated in this as in other matters by the Assyrian. So seldom was woman represented in Assyrian scenes that have reached us, that her costume is still somewhat a subject of conjecture. The queen seated beside her reclining lord, in figure 7, wears a heavy, but richly adorned robe. We hear also of thin fabrics, of gorgeous jewelry; nor is there any lack of fans or parasols, or the many appliances of the toilette known as well by Egyptian, Assyrian or modern American. It must be confessed that their foot-gear is far from beautiful. Let us hope it was useful. The contrast between the awkward sandal-shoe and the elaborately curled and mitred head is, however, very striking, see figure 8.

The Persians, after conquering the Assyrian empire, were conquered by its manners and customs to a large extent; we soon find them adopting the long raiment, the tiara and crown and the luxury of their subjects. The long robe was, however, usually of linen or cotton. The king's was dyed purple from the murex shell; the nobles were allowed to wear red of some vegetable dye. So it is from the Persians we derive our expression of "royal purple," one out of numberless instances of the survival of ideas and styles.

Time fails to trace the influence of Egyptian and Babylonian costume on the Phoenician, the Hebrew and the

other "nations around." Let us find our way back to the Mediterranean Sea, and, pausing in the Greek cities of Asia Minor and the enchanted isles of the Aegean Sea, reach the shores of Greece, old Hellas.

Old—did I say? What a misnomer! Hellas is ever young. Long ago, even before the days of the great bard Homer, Apollo and Pallas Athena had bestowed upon her the dowry of deathless youth, quickening hope and fertile thought. In the days of her oppression she did not die, she only slept. And, as she awakens to her new life, in our own days, she proves that the olden gifts are yet hers. Patience then for her mistakes, and praise for her virtues.

But the dress of the Hellenes, you will say, has passed away. Yes, and no. The actual dress has passed away, yet its influence and its charm still remain. Greek dress was essentially drapery, a drapery which, though it might reveal the body, did not emphasize it, as does our modern dress, but harmonized with it.

The chiton was the basis of Greek costume. It was long or short. Sometimes it was a mere oblong piece of cloth, fastened by brooches, or buttons, on the shoulders, held loosely at the waist by a band, the ends below the waist caught together, or left separate. Sometimes it was a short tunic reaching barely to the knees, with openings for the head and arms, but without sleeves, or sometimes, as in figure 10, it was made long enough to



fall to the feet, then was caught up at the waist by a band over which it fell in soft folds; or else, as in figures 9, 11 and 12, when long, it was doubled over at the upper end, fastened on the shoulders, the under part confined at the waist by the band, the upper, shorter part failing loosely and giving the appearance of two garments; it was then called the double chiton.

Sometimes, as in the Ionian chiton, it was very long, trailing on the ground, and had long sleeves reaching to the wrist, as in figure 20. The Ionian chiton was of linen, often daintily embroidered, see figure 13; the Attic and Doric chitons were usually of soft, fine white wool.

Men wore only the short chiton. The outer robe was—for men, the himation; for women the peplos. These were long rectangular pieces of cloth; an end being thrown over one shoulder, the rest of the material was carried around the body, draped and adjusted so as to cover both arms, or leave one bare. Upon the taste and skill of the wearer depended the beauty of the folds. The variety was, as you can see, almost endless, but the general effect was of stately, sweeping drapery.

The woman's peplos, see figures 14, 16 and 19, differed from the himations only in being broader and longer, the head, as in figures 15, 17

and 19, being often covered by a corner of the garment, as may be seen in the two hand-maids of Helen in the picture "Helen on the Walls of Troy," by Lord Frederick Leighton.

Men often wore the himation alone, without chiton. The chlamys, another rectangular garment, shorter than the himation, weighted at the corners and fastened by a brooch so that one corner hung down in front, was worn by men, with or without the chiton. It is especially well shown in the horsemen on the frieze of the Parthenon.

Occasionally Diana, or an Amazon, wears the chlamys; but it is the distinctive garment of the young Greek.

Bands, belts and fillets were much worn. Men and women wound fillets around their heads. Women wore, often under their chiton, a breast band adjusted below the bosom, not to compress the form, but to protect the organs. Indeed there was no temptation to compress the waist, the flowing drapery veiling the waist. The band which confined the short, or caught up the long chiton, was also of cloth; but the outer belt, holding in the loose folds of the upper part of the long chiton, was often of gold enriched with jewels, and always beautifully adorned.

Great care was taken of the hair; indeed, a mysterious virtue was sup-



posed to lie in the locks which, carefully washed and perfumed, were one of the bodily graces of the Greek. Women often wore elaborate head dresses; many were revived in the latter part of the eighteenth century and the first of the nineteenth. Out of doors the head was covered either by folds of the peplos brought over the head and around the throat, or by a separate veil, sometimes thick, sometimes thin.

As to footgear, great was the variety. True, they wore no stockings. When the legs needed protection, in work or in war, men used bands of cloth wound around the leg, and kept in place by fillets; or leather well supplied by oil; or greaves of metal. Women, whose life was secluded, wore various kinds of sandals, or close shoes. Some consisted of a mere sole held in place by straps, one of which passed between the great toe and its neighbor; some had leather at the heels; some, like the endromis, covered the foot and were laced above the ankle. The women in Tanagra, judging from their exquisite statuettes, seem to have worn flexible shoes, fitting like a glove.

They were certainly hardy, these lightly dressed Hellenes. But, no wonder, for their bodies were carefully trained from childhood. The bath, gymnastic exercises, unguents

properly applied to strengthen the skin and supple the joints,—their whole bodily education, in short, tended to give them health and endurance. So finely, so firmly were they developed that ages were needed to effect their decline. Luxury weakened their vigor, and, at last, they fell a prey to rougher civilizations. Let us reserve the record of their downfall and the advent of the Roman to another article, while we dwell a little on the infinite variety in simplicity of Greek costume. The statues of Clio, Urania and Thalia offer each a different form of the chiton. Urania, standing upright, has draped the peplos around it; Thalia and Clio, seated, have allowed the peplos to slip down behind them, and across their knees



in front. Notice the dainty manner in which folds of the chiton are caught together, forming open sleeves for the upper arm. It is quite possible to reproduce the effect in modern dress. In "Helen on the Walls of Troy," Helen wears chiton and peplos of the thin, Ionian fashion, the border daintily adorned. Her bare feet fall noiselessly on the smooth stones of the battlements. Her eyes are heavy with grief and shame, for she goes to point out to King Priam the heroes of her native land, gathered before the walls of Troy to avenge the bitter wrong wrought by Paris when he carried her away from the halls of her husband Menelaus. Never does Homer show his native chivalry and trust in woman more than in the delicate reserve with which he treats Helen. A doom had fallen upon her, the doom of an angry deity, Aphrodite; against her will had she been borne from her

young daughter and happy home. Yet, some weakness in the will had made that doom possible.

A similar weakness allowed Greece to fall into the hands of her enslavers. Perhaps you will think it fanciful to say this weakness is suggested in Helen's delicate robes, peculiar to the Ionians who loved ease and luxury more than the Athenians. Surely, however, it is prefigured in the growing habits of luxury in which the Greeks indulged at the time of Alexander the Great.

How far costume reveals national traits and conditions, will furnish no unfruitful subjects of thought. Perhaps, while glancing at its history which may, at first, seem the result of mere chance, we shall discern signs of warning or of inspiration. Certainly we shall understand mankind better, and learn to read ourselves more keenly.



Clio.

Urania.

Thalia.



If any one had ever told Mary Parker and me that the day would ever come when we would not speak to each other we would have laughed the statement to scorn. We had been friends from babyhood. We lived next door to each other when we were girls, and when we married our husbands' farms ran side by side, so that we carried our friendship unbroken into our married life.

Our husbands, before our marriages, had been merely friendly acquaintances, but soon, through our example, they became almost as intimate in their own way as we were in ours. Our children, as they came, one by one, grew up and played together as much at one place as the other. We had a little foot path past the barns and across the field from house to house, and it was kept well trodden. Never a day passed but I went over to Mary's house or she came over to mine. We worked in partnership in nearly everything; nothing seemed complete to one unless the other was in it. We expected to go on like this till our deaths and then to be buried close together in the little graveyard.

One spring, when Mary and I were talking over our plans for the summer, she said she was going to try her hand at keeping geese. We had always kept turkeys before. I knew what kind of things around a place geese were, and I tried to talk her out of it. But she was quite set on it, so I gave it up, for I didn't suppose it mattered very much. It never came into my mind that such a thing as a goose

could ever make trouble between Mary and me. I even helped her select the eggs for setting and the mother goose when she bought one. When every egg but one hatched out I was as pleased at her good luck as she was herself.

Mary's goslings were all right till they began to grow up, and then she began to get into trouble. She put yokes on them, but that didn't prevent them from getting into the grain or wandering away to places where foxes could get them.

I thought to myself that she wished often enough she had kept to the turkeys, but she would never give in to that. Mary is pretty obstinate, in a quiet way, when she takes a notion.

We had our wheat in the barn field next to the line fence that year. It was the best field of wheat in Meadowby. We had had poor luck with our wheat for three years back, so we were all the prouder of this. William took every man and woman who came to the place out to show them that wheat and expatiated on it. One day I found all Mary's geese in the wheat. They had been in a good while and had made a fearful havoc. I was mad enough, but I drove the geese home and calmly told Mary that she must keep them out of our wheat.

She looked worried and said she was sorry; she would see it didn't happen again. She said she had a real hard time to keep them out of their own and other people's grain; she couldn't very well keep them shut up all the time. About a week from that



"Our husbands, before our marriages, had been merely friendly acquaintances."

I found the geese in again. It exasperated me more than I would have thought possible. I sent one of the children to take them home this time, and I sent a note to Mary, too. I know I'm inclined to be too rash and quick-tempered and I suppose that note was not very conciliatory. But if Mary thought it was sharp she never let on, but was as friendly as ever.

One afternoon I was sitting in the kitchen reading a paper and thinking what to get for tea, when I heard steps on the veranda, as if some one were in a big hurry and very decided. I had just got up when Mary came in without knocking. She hadn't a thing on her head and her hair was all blown. She had her underlip between her teeth and her eyes were snapping. In each hand she carried a half-grown goose quite dead and all blood stained.

Thinking it over now, I suppose she must have looked pretty ridiculous, but just then I was too much taken by surprise to do more than stare at her. She flung the geese down before me as hard as she could and said:

"There! I s'pose that's your work, Lizzie Mercer!"

Her voice was just shaking with rage and she looked ready to tear me in pieces. I never knew Mary had such a temper. I always thought her very quiet and gentle.

I knew the minute I saw those geese just what had happened as well as if I had been told. My oldest boy Henry had found those fatal geese in the wheat again and had taken the affair into his own hands, without consulting me, for he knew I wouldn't have allowed him to lay a hand on one of Mary's geese for anything, much as I hated to see them destroying the wheat. Henry was always too hot-headed, like his mother, and never stopped to think of the consequences of anything he did.

I was as sorry as any one could be to see how Mary's geese had been stoned and mangled. And if she had not spoken the way she did, so insulting, as if I were to blame for it all, I should have given Henry cause to remember it to his death, besides paying for the geese, of course. But Mary wouldn't listen to anything. She went on like a crazy person. I suppose the memory of the note was rankling in

in her too. She said things I couldn't endure, so I answered her back, and we had a dreadful quarrel. I'm not blaming Mary a bit more than myself. It makes me ashamed now to think of what I said. We stormed at each other over the dead bodies of those geese, getting more and more unreasonable. At last Mary went out in an awful temper and left me in one no better. I kept mad all night. But when I got calm again I repented of my behavior and felt pretty bad about it. Mary and I had never quarreled before, so I didn't know how it was likely to end. I knew Mary was pretty set in her ways. But I said to myself that as Mary began the quarrel it was her place to end it. I wouldn't give in first. Perhaps she thought I was to blame on account of that note. Anyway, she made no sign, even though she must have found out how it was about the geese.

I felt dreadfully over it for a long while and then I got cranky and pretended I didn't care. I said if Mary could get along without me I could get along without her.

We never spoke all that summer. There were always plenty of friendly folks to tell me the things Mary had said about me and keep me stirred up and bitter. It did not occur to me that they might have carried my remarks to her with a like result.

But I could not deny I missed her. It made my heart ache to look at the foot path and see it all overgrown with grass. As for the wheat I grew to loathe the sight of it and a goose made me feel savage.

At first our families took no part in the trouble. Our husbands laughed at us and tried to coax us to make it up. They were as friendly as ever and so were the children. They played together as usual and I was better to Mary's children than my own. I used to give them cakes every time they came into the house, and Mary did the same when mine went over there. I believe I had a hope that the children might bring about a reconciliation in

time, when another dreadful thing happened.

Our husbands fell out, too. They were discussing our quarrel over the line fence one day and got into a dispute about it. Each one upheld his wife, of course. They had a dreadful time. Every old family scandal for the last three generations was cast up. They even taunted each other with long-forgotten school day faults. Oh, I don't know what those two men did not say. When William came in and told me what had happened I cried all night about it. I didn't know till then how much hope I had cherished that things would come out all right with Mary and me yet. But now I thought they never would.

The men were even more unreasonable than we were. They wouldn't even let the children go and come. The poor little things wouldn't speak to each other because their parents did not. I took that to heart as much as anything. I used to lie awake at night and think it over, everything that had been said and done. Nobody had talked much about Mary and me, but when it got to be a family affair people took it up. Somebody called it the "Goose Feud" and the name stuck. It had a double meaning, I've no doubt, and the poor dead birds were not the only geese meant.

The minister took in hand to better it and he and his wife called one day. That didn't do any good. He seemed to blame me too much. I was too proud a woman to take it. Then they went to the Parkers with no better success.

Then he preached a sermon about neighbors and church members living in harmony and good will from the text, "Live peaceably with all men." He meant well for a better man never lived. But it only made things worse. I felt that everyone was looking at me to see how I took it and that touched my pride. Mary looked hard enough to bite a nail in two when she went out of church. As for William and Francis Parker, they were so provoked at

the minister they wouldn't go to church for over two months.

Things went on like that for two years. It seemed to me more like fifteen. Sometimes I asked myself if our friendship had been all a dream. Nothing seemed real but our estrangement. I had given up all thought of ever making up. The thing had hardened too long. I got over missing Mary pretty much, just as we get over missing some one dead, because it has to be got over. There's always a dull ache. There was no foot path now, and Francis Parker had put up a high snow fence back of their house that shut it from us altogether. I thought many a hard thing about Mary, but I

epidemic of scarlet fever broke out in Meadowby. It was of the most virulent type. Lottie Carr came home from town with it and it spread from her. My children took it first, but they had it very light and soon got over it. But other people didn't get off so easy. It was a sad time. There was hardly a house in Meadowby without some one dying or dead in it. It was more fatal among the children, of course. It made my heart ache to see so many little, new graves in the churchyard every Sunday.

Some one told me Mary was in a terrible fright for fear her children would take it. She did everything to keep them from infection. She had



"I cried all night about it"

was honest enough to own up it was as much my fault as hers. Sometimes I wondered what would happen if I were to walk over to Mary's some day and ask her to forgive me. I pictured out our interview if she would, and I never really had any serious idea of doing it. I suppose I thought more of that affair than of anything else in those two years. It was two years in July since our quarrel and the fall after that an

seven; the youngest was four years old. They had all grown too fast and were delicate. People said Mary had got it into her head that not one of them would live if they took it.

Then the next piece of news was that Mary had it herself and she was pretty low. The other women went to see her. I felt it was dreadful for me not to go. But my pride was too stubborn to bend. Then Fred and

the twins and Lizzie—called after me—all took it at once, and Mary had to get out of her sick bed before she was fit and wait on them and do her work. She had no help and there was none to be got in the village. The neighbors went in when they could spare the time, but every one had their hands full at home.

Nobody knows what I suffered those two weeks. All my old love for Mary came back when I heard of her trouble, and I wanted to go right to her aid. But I could not bring myself to do it. I wanted my oldest daughter Annie to go and stay at Mary's. But she cried and said she couldn't. They seemed worse than strangers, she said. Oh, I worried dreadfully about it. Sometimes I talked about going at the table. William never said a word, either to encourage or discourage me. I knew as well as he did that he was ashamed of his fracas with Francis Parker long ago and would give almost anything to have it wiped out. But he was prouder even than I was, in one way. I knew he would never put out the hand of reconciliation, but he would not put any hindrances in my way if I felt inclined to. I didn't go, however, though I thought of it day and night. I went a great deal to other houses and helped wait on the sick, and sit up, and sometimes lay out the dear little dead bodies. All the sorrow and suffering around me helped to soften my heart.

One morning Mrs. Corey called in on her way from Mary's, where she'd been all night. She said Mary's "baby," little Dora, was down with the fever and was worse than she'd ever seen a child. I didn't say much but I thought something burst in my head. When Jane Corey went home I went upstairs to my room and sat down on a trunk by the window. It was higher than the snow fence, and I could see right over to Mary's. The house looked so forlorn and desolate. The doctor's horse was tied at the gate. It was the second week in November, and everything was gray and brown. I remem-

ber just how Mary's windows looked through the bare boughs of the garden trees.

I went over it all again sitting there. I knew Mary was just wrapped up in Dora. I knew if anything happened to her baby it would almost kill her. The tears came into my eyes as I seemed to see her bending over Dora's sick bed. I tried to put myself in Mary's place and see how I'd act if she came to me. It was satisfactory, but I was afraid to try it. I had found out how hard Mary could be and I was afraid she would repulse me. That would kill me. I cried and cried, but when Sophia Reed came in at tea time I hadn't made up my mind. She said it was her opinion Dora wouldn't live through the night. That decided me. As soon as Sophia had gone I put on my bonnet and shawl and went out. Nobody knows how queer I felt. I stood for a spell on the veranda to collect my thoughts. I noticed every little thing. The air was quite sharp. The sky was curdled all over with little rolls of violet gray clouds, with strips of faint blue between. There had been a scad of snow in the afternoon and the ground was grayish white. It had melted about the door and was sloppy. The hens and turkeys were pecking around. The apple trees were ragged brown, but the other trees were bare and the leaves lay around in heaps with snow in their crinkles. William was fixing the pump. He didn't say anything as I went by, though he guessed where I was going. I went past the barns and struck into the old foot path. The little feathery heads of bleached grass stuck up wetly through the snow. Mary's turkeys were roosting on the snow fence. When I got to the door my heart was beating so that I could hardly breathe. I opened the door and went in. A thin, draggled-out woman, with tears glistening on her chafed cheeks, was stirring something on the stove. At first I didn't know it was Mary. She looked up as I opened the door. Those few seconds seemed to



"Sometimes I asked myself if our friendship had been all a dream."

me as long as the two years that had gone. She just said: "Lizzie!"

Then she was clinging to me and crying and I don't know what I said or did. I soothed and petted her till she got calmer and then I made her go and have a sleep, for she hadn't closed an eye for over thirty-six hours. By this time Henry was at the door. I had told him to come and get my orders if I didn't come back. I sent word to Annie I wasn't coming back that night and that she must look after things and get her father's supper.

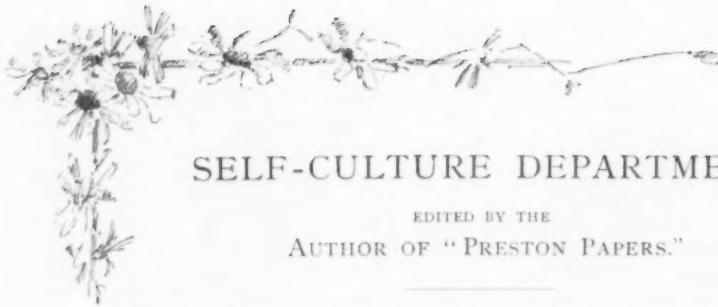
Dora was no worse in spite of Sophia Reed's forebodings. Mary woke up at nine o'clock quite refreshed and we sat up with Dora and talked over everything. Mary said I could have no conception of what she'd suffered from remorse and loneliness. She said she'd started more than once to come over and make up, and then the memory of something those kind folks had told her I'd said would rise up and stop her. I believe her feelings were a pretty exact copy of my own.

About twelve Dora suddenly took a bad turn. I told Francis he must start right off for the doctor. Mary had borne up well, but now she seemed to lose all command of herself. She

shrieked and cried and caught hold of Francis. She said he wasn't to think of going and leaving us two women alone with a dying child. She went on like that for as much as fifteen minutes. Just as Francis and I were trying to soothe her and get her to listen to reason, William come in. I don't know how he knew the fix we were in. I believe he must have been hanging around outside. He said he'd go for the doctor. He didn't say another word, but Francis and he went out to the barn together to harness the horse. I never knew what they said, but next day they were working together as if nothing had ever happened.

Mary and I had a serious time that night. It almost seemed once or twice that we must lose Dora. But just as a long red streak showed itself against the sunrise sky, the doctor gave a long sigh and said the crisis was past. Dora would live. Mary and I knelt by the bed with our arms about each other. The reddish gold of the sunrise fell over Dora's white face like a promise of hope. In the tears of joy we shed over her living baby we washed out the last stain of bitterness from our hearts.

MAUD CAVENDISH.



SELF-CULTURE DEPARTMENT

EDITED BY THE
AUTHOR OF "PRESTON PAPERS."

MOTTO: It is never too late—nor too early—to begin.

PROVERB: We do not cook rice by talking about it.—*Chinese*.

QUOTATION: "The great law of culture is: Let each become all that he was created capable of being; expand if possible to his full growth; resist all impediments; cast off all foreign, especially all noxious adhesions, and show himself at length in his own shape and stature, be these what they may."—*Thomas Carlyle*.

MIND TRAINING

The Culture of Travel.

"A head without a mind is a mere statue."—*Russian Proverb*.

No one who always stays in the same place, seeing the same faces, hearing the same words and doing the same things in the same way, will get the broad view of life and of humanity that one who travels may.

I say "may," simply because some people who go from "world's end to world's end" do it on the fly; perhaps, too, more to be thought "cultured" or because it is the thing to do than because there is any pleasure or profit in it. But to the one who wants to go, to see, to know, there is a culture in travel which can come in no other way. To see people and things "at home," in their natural environment; to get glimpses of life and of inanimate nature; to see cities, towns, prairies, hills, mountains, plains, rivers, that have been (or have not) celebrated in song, story, history, or romance; to meet people of whom we have heard or read, or of whom we did not even dream—all this has an educational value.

And it is a good thing, too, to help us understand the difference between

our conceptions of things read and heard of, and the same things seen with our own eyes; for the impression is often as different from the reality as the colors seen by candle light differ from those shown by day. This is not always due to a lack of understanding on our part, but sometimes because the account as given by others is either too highly colored, or because of prejudice on the part of the relator.

I have known good people, those who would not, under any circumstances, be drawn into telling a lie—but who yet saw everything that did not parallel with their own ideas as with a distorted vision or immature judgment. Of course their reports of things in which they had no special interest have given color to the style of their narrative, and unless their story is contradicted by some other equally good authority we remain about as ignorant as possible of what we can so easily find by personal sight.

How many of your friends return from a trip in any given direction with the same description of persons,

places, or things? How many of them saw the great World's Fair as you saw it? To how many of them did the same experience come—of car, boat, hotel, porter, grounds, as came to you? None, for the experience must vary with the individual; and even you would not get the same under other circumstances, and for two reasons: one is because so much of our experience is idealized, and we see things not altogether as they really are, but as they seem to us at that particular time: the other is that often the things themselves do not stand still—and the landscape which in June is redolent with perfume, picturesque with artistic lines, in March or November may not at all appeal to you, nor if wind swept, rain washed, or mud bespattered. All these things make it well nigh impossible to judge truly of what we only read or hear at second hand—what by the courts would be called "hearsay testimony," but which is not even classed as evidence.

There is a saying that in order to know people you must "summer them and winter them"—and traveling helps us to "summer and winter" reports of things not seen, but of which we have formed an opinion.

Perhaps, after all, one of the greatest benefits that we get by travel is the fact that we come home more and more content with our own lot; and that we have grown in sympathy and in charity, by seeing other places and people with their burdens, their inconveniences, their sometimes almost hopeless conditions. Then, too, we learn appreciation of things which come into our every day lives, somewhat as a matter of course, but which we miss when "on the wing," and this, too, has a broadening and a softening effect upon us, gratitude for the little things springing up where it was before unknown; and so culture is a conscious effect of travel, even though the journeys are limited in extent and perhaps a trifle monotonous in detail and experience.

SOCIAL CULTURE PAPERS—I.

In the Home.

So much of the happiness of the home depends upon the manners of those who constitute it that no amount of time nor eloquence can be better spent than in training for membership in the family. To me the culture that comes from refined surroundings seems like the fine meshes of rare old lace, with which a beautiful dress may be adorned—although I do not for one moment want to see the entire wardrobe made of the lace, nor to see it doing duty for more substantial materials, nor to constitute the main dress in an inclement season.

But so many people live to wish (yea, to more than merely wish) that this part of their education had received half the attention that their moral culture did that a few suggestions as to social training never seem out of place. No parent or teacher may be excused from this duty, even though the place for it may be second to the more serious ones.

So these papers will quite naturally fall into the line of home training for the younger members of the family—and no one will be hurt if some of them seem quite trite. Little people need as much to be told what is proper as what is right, perhaps more, for the ethics will be sounded all along the line of church and school, while the social culture—equally essential so far as home pleasure is concerned—will not be mentioned.

BODY CULTURE—I.

Air.

"God gives rice; but does he cook it and put it in your mouth?"—*Teluguese Proverb*.

The people of this world are divided into two classes, the sick and the well. "In heaven alone no death is found, nor sickness enters there"—and in proportion as we belong to the one class or the other (all else being equal) may we reckon our helpfulness or its opposite. By neglect of our bodies, an ignorant or careless use of them,

we decay before our time, narrow our opportunities for good, and shorten our days.

Have we a right to do this? Is it not just as much our duty to train them for the highest office of which they are capable, as it is to train our soul, heart, mind, affections—as all these can be trained? Yea, and to "do it heartily, as to the Lord," for to the Lord will go the harvest.

Our first necessity, on being ushered into this bright and beautiful world, where mere living is a pleasure, is that for air, and so we will study this first—what it is, how we may get it, and what it will do for us.

Common air, such as we have to take into our lungs, is composed of two fluids, oxygen, and nitrogen, in the proportions of 21 and 79 parts. On entering the lungs, the blood absorbs a portion of the oxygen, and in return gives to them only foul gases, making a frequent change of air in a room where breathing is going on a very necessary thing, for only pure air can make pure blood, and the blood is building material for the whole body. We cannot afford to starve lungs or blood for want of oxygen, which is just what will happen if we do not give them this supply of new air. Whatever prevents this simply sows the seeds of disease and injures the lungs, as it is impossible for them to do their duty if charged so heavily with carbonic acid gas that they cannot cast it out.

For want of pure air a man will die in a few minutes; he may do without water for a week, without sleep a little longer, and without food—well, that depends somewhat upon his habits, condition, and the surrounding circumstances. Air is an imperative necessity, at once and all the time, and it is therefore supplied in almost illimitable quantities, proportioned to our needs by One who, as Whittier has sweetly said, "Knoweth more of all our needs than all our prayers have told."

"How much, as individuals do we

need?" That depends a little upon your lung surface (and you can increase that, and so lengthen life, and add to its pleasure as well as its usefulness while you stay to use it); but the average amount taken in at each inspiration is twenty cubic inches, and should be more. Do you wonder, then, that those who are heedless about the quality of the air they breathe—taking in that which has been through the same process again and again until it has no life-giving oxygen left, nothing but foul gas—should weaken, become nervous, spiritless, drooping? I do not, and in all cases of nervous trouble, my first recommendation is: "Go out of doors all that you can; inhale slowly, as deeply as possible; stand erect, and walk with an even but at least moderately fast gait, and build up."

The greater the lung power the greater is the health and strength of the individual, and the less inducement or invitation will be given to disease to "Come and see us," and the better will all parts of the body be.

The blood is the little messenger that goes from the most remote point everywhere in the body to every other point, carrying in his train health and happiness, if you treat him right and load him up with what he will make good use of in his rounds, like a faithful watchman, about once in two minutes. You will be stronger, better, happier. Can we afford to give him less than the very best we have, when he works so hard, so constantly? Shall we not take especial pains to expand our lungs, increase their surface, and help the blood all that we can? Proper exercise will do a great deal, and so will proper position both in exercise and rest, and proper breathing.

"What! Is breathing to be done by rule, too?" Well, it is as well to know that there is a right way, and then do it—for it is a fact that comparatively few people know how much they can do to help themselves to good health by right breathing, and very many of

them do not know how to breathe. I can prove this by asking you to observe how many open their mouths to inhale, and you will see a large proportion doing just that—and just that is all wrong. Here are some suggestions, with their reasons:

1. Breathe through the nose only—that the air may be slightly warmed before meeting the delicate tissues of the lungs, and also that the coarser impurities of the atmosphere may not find entrance.

2. With a closed mouth—that the air may pass in through its proper channel.

3. From as far down as possible, below the waist line—to give the lungs free play and a chance to expand.

Below I give some exercises, to be performed without apparatus, slowly, gently, and which will increase your lung surface and lung power:

1. Stand erect, and evenly on both feet, slowly and gently expelling the air from the lungs. Inhale, as slowly, and again exhale. Repeat ten times, breathing deeply each time. Do this several times daily, and in the open air when possible and always without any clothing which will in any way interfere with the freest, fullest possible movement.

2. Bring the shoulders down and back, bending the elbows and extending the forearm in front, palms of the hands upward—then bring the elbows as far back as possible. See how nearly you can persuade the elbows to get to each other, with the hands in above position.

3. Place the right foot a little ahead of the left (to get a good foot-hold) lean forward with open hands, palms downward, which close as you bring the hands back with a quick, strong movement, as in rowing, moving the body slightly backward at the same time. (This may be done seated or standing). Shaking a rug, if not too heavy, in this way, is a good exercise—and it will not be "too heavy" long.

4. Spread the arms, with the palms of the hands downward, and slowly

and gently move the arms backward as far as possible, on a horizontal line. (In making an ordinary bed, this movement may be utilized to spread on the covering.)

5. Breathing deeply and slowly, as in each of the above exercises—hold the arms straight down, tense and rigid, fists closed tight, shoulders drawn back to the utmost limit—until you count 50 the first week, 100 the second week, 200 the third week and 500 the last. When you can do this without fatigue, you will work without weariness in your shoulders. This is an especially good exercise for those who sew or write much. (Be sure not to do too much in any of these lines, especially at first; and stop on the very first symptom of fatigue; but don't stay stopped!)

In sitting, standing, walking, lying down, everywhere give your lungs a fair chance! Don't crowd the delicate things into a space that is but half large enough for them, for they do more work in a day than would appall you if you but stop to think of it. Just imagine how often they help you breathe in one hour; multiply that by twenty-four, and the product by seven, that one by 365, and you will find that you have performed seven million acts of breathing*, and that it has been done with a force equal to raising a weight of seven hundred and fifty pounds each time, if you have taken a full breath.

If you have inhaled properly, you have taken in one hundred thousand cubic feet of air, and purified over three and a half thousand tons of blood. Do you see the importance of breathing rightly, and of having the right kind of air to do this cleansing with?

Oh, one other caution: Don't exercise too violently at any time nor even when hungry. Avoid mere feats of strength, or of "Tomfoolery" at any time, and train for health in preference to strength. Learn how much you can do without fatigue, and don't go

*Steele, *Hygienic Physiology*, page 95.

beyond that mark, even if the entire world calls you silly. Remember that no one else can make any hard and fast rule for you, and that once you have found your weaknesses, or your sources of strength, you are at liberty to mark out your own course, and to hold to it in spite of everyone else who may be able to do more or better than you can. But—and I say this in all kindness—you must not take this as

any license to sit supinely down and rest upon the fact that you are weak or ailing; for in nine cases out of ten, those who are so have come to that condition by reason of idleness, over-work, or injudicious work; and very often the evil effects can be overcome by a steady and intelligent course of self-study, and self-culture—which it is the office of this department to promote and to encourage.

HEALTH HINTS.

If you can learn to drink hot milk—and you can—you have a good remedy for "that tired feeling" and a preventive of nervous prostration.

Nervous prostration may be cured, by the way, in many cases, without either medicine or a physician—if the patient is willing to go back to country quiet and simple living. It must be country quiet, however, and not merely that which is so reported; and the food must be of a nourishing quality, and abundant in quantity. Then

there must be plenty of out of door exercise, and in all kinds of weather, properly wrapped and protected against the rigors of a changeable atmosphere; plenty of sleep, and quiet, restful meditation by one's self. Too much company is as bad as too little.

Colds can be averted by the air bath, the water bath, and friction of the body surface after each. They can be cured by deep breathing, persisted in, abstinence from food, and by taking plenty of water—hot or cold—internally.

BODY CULTURE DONT'S.

1. Don't ask your stomach to do the work that should have been performed by your mouth. Talking is by no means the only function of that important organ.

2. Don't expect a well-rounded chest, strong back, or flexible fingers, to come by chance. We get what we work for, physically, as elsewhere.

3. Don't add to the necessary wear and tear of life by fretting and fuming, nor by borrowing trouble. It is unnecessary to hunt up burdens, or to use a magnifying glass on the little ones until they have assumed the proportions and importance of real sorrows or anxieties. Once you have faced a few of life's actual mountains

of trial, and the mole-hills will dwindle to their real insignificance.

4. Don't take somebody else's say-so as to what is best for you. Provided you have knowledge, observation and a very small amount of judgment you ought to be able to account for (and treat) your own ordinary idiosyncrasies better than the average physician—who only judges of your "symptoms," as these are often misleading. Besides, he'll be too gentle with you, in nine cases out of ten, and tell you that you are "bilious," when he should say "greedy," or "tinctured with inertia" (I should say lazy, undoubtedly!) and order a blue pill if he belongs to one "school," or something

else if to the other—when really what you need is exercise and lemons! Or, he'll say "you're nervous," when he should look you square in the eye and say: "You lack judgment, will power and self-poise. Cultivate these, and leave chloral and other narcotics or stimulants alone.

5. Don't abuse your body, and expect mind, soul, temper, or heart to do their duty. There must be harmony of action, and a tired-out body calls forth only weak intellectual (?) effort, spasmodic morals, volcanic dispositions and icy affections.

6. Don't sacrifice all your health for beauty. Of course, go just as far as you dare—everybody ought to do as much in this line as their consciences will allow—but when the courts call suicides criminals, they might be justified in forbidding any one to wear a dotted lace veil without

first getting a physician's prescription therefor, as being beneficial to eyesight; or tight boots, unless they were warranted to produce a Trilby foot and to prevent corns. Do everything to shorten life, or increase your doctor bills, if you must, to be beautiful, but remember that I don't advise it.

7. Don't walk as if you were a sneak or a snail, if you purpose to benefit by this exercise. Hold yourself as if you owned a mortgage on the world, and walk as if you had been threatened with a foreclosure of somebody else's lien!

8. Don't spend as much energy in resting as you would in extinguishing a fire. Learn to distinguish between the needs and circumstances of the cases.

9. Don't expect even me to be law and gospel for you! THINK!!

MOTHERS' COLUMN.

Wash the children's faces, feet and places where arms and legs join the body, when they are too young to do it for themselves (seldom afterward) before they go to bed.

Teach them to always go to bed clean, and in fresh clothing.

Don't break the child's will, but train it. It is one of the best things that any one can have; but should be under perfect control.

If the noise is neither rude nor unkind, don't altogether check it; but teach the little ones that some things are more appropriate for the play room or for the yard than for the family sitting-room. Teach them, too, that no one has a right to be happy at somebody else's expense.

Give the children responsibility, in doses proportioned to their ages. If large enough to have playthings, they are large enough to pick them up, and in time to put them away. Make the use of these conditioned upon this, and even young children, and very

young, will soon learn to keep playthings in their places, when not in use, which will be a victory for them, and in time a help to you and to any with whom they are afterward associated.

Obedience is the very first thing for the child to learn; and it may be taught in very little things at first, and in others later. But it must be an every day affair. You cannot hope to instill obedience unless you watch for its practice—but don't let the child know that you watch.

If your children are in the public schools (or in any) you cannot confer with the teacher too often; nor will you find it fatal to frequently ask her to your house as an honored guest. She is always more than glad to be one of your friends and helpers, as she is that of your children, and the benefit will be mutual, while to the children the advantage will be of untold value, now and later.

As a loving mother you must not forget to instill love of country, along

with love of home. Indeed, I doubt if either can be in existence without the other. Right here, too, I want to mention a little magazine to which every school, parent, and reading child should have access, as one of the best instructors in true citizenship, and at once practical and entertaining: *Our Country*, published by the Patriotic League, at No. 230 West Thirteenth street, New York. Every home circle should be a patriotic league, with the parents and children coöperating to train for good citizenship.

In looking out for your children, remember that you are responsible for more than mere "bed and board"—for their instruction, their happiness, their usefulness. How are you trying to meet the responsibility? What are the obstacles that you encounter? What helps? Help yourself and others by writing to this department frequently.

Remember, that as the mother you have demands upon your time, strength and patience, which come to no other member of the family, and that you therefore need more rest. Be

sure that you lie down, if only for ten minutes at a time—and in a quiet room, to which no one may come—except in case of death or fire.

Pity the child whose every hour is hedged with "Don'ts" written in capital letters; and deny him no simple privilege for the mere sake of saying No.

Don't let a mistaken idea of love and tenderness prevail in case of wrong doing. Your child may live to curse your error of the heart, and to wish that you had used your head with equal force.

See that the children go to bed happy and quietly; even if the preceding half hour is devoted to a game of romps—and don't let any other duty (nor pleasure) interfere with that of putting the children to bed yourself. You may well hire the sewing done, the mending, the washing—but not the good night confidences.

It is not fatal to cater a little to the child's appetite—(nor to the man's), but appetite may be trained, along with other personal possessions.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

It is time to look after cellars, and see that they are made (and kept) clean and free from decaying vegetable matter. These and a poor system of drainage cost many lives, by breeding disease.

In giving instruction or correction to a domestic it is always best for the lady of the house to ask the domestic into the family sitting-room, apart from the family (to save embarrassment), and in a quiet, dignified, manner make any necessary suggestions—rather than to go into the kitchen for that purpose. The reasons are cogent and obvious.

In housecleaning it is better not to have more than one room "topsy turvey" at a time; and, once established, the habit of working in this way, in-

stead of having the entire house in an uproar, will be found quite as easy.

Begin at the cellar to clean; then the outside buildings, if there are any; the pantry next; then upstairs (garret, if there is one—as there should be), and after that it is well to do a great many little "odd jobs" like the cleaning of closets, arranging drawers of bureaus, putting away furs, etc., before the main "house fight" begins. Details will vary with houses and housekeepers, but this is a good "main plan."

Particular attention should be given to the table, while this semi-annual warfare is going on, as a little untimely neglect may be the beginning of a doctor's bill which should never have been incurred. A judicious selection

of nourishing foods that are easily prepared, with a wholesome use of natural acids (those found in fruits) will do much to tide over an uncomfortable period. I hope to see a day when a "general housecleaning" will be as unknown in other homes as it is in my own; when a place will be cleaned only (but as often) as needed, and no such strain put upon the strength of the housekeeper, domestics, and mother, as this involves—to say nothing of the good nature of husband and children.

In hanging pictures, have one eye—or both—on the place for each. Representations of game, fruits, birds, etc., belong of course in the dining room; family portraits in the family rooms; etchings, landscapes, etc., in the reception rooms and parlors; distinguished people in the library, unless they happen to be musicians, when they may appropriately go into the music room or over the piano, if that is elsewhere. Then look out for "just the right light," as it will greatly add to the enjoyment of the picture if it is well hung—not too high, nor too low, nor in incongruous surroundings.

Don't fill the home so full of pretty (or alleged pretty) things that your family has not where to lay its head without first uprooting pillow shams, turning down fancy spreads, or making havoc with bric-a-brac. Be just a little considerate of comfort—genuine, old-fashioned comfort, in planning the living rooms of the house.

Right here, too, is a good chance for the regulation "parlor" sermon. It is not so fashionable now as once, to dedicate this one room to occasions of state and of "company;" but even now there are too many homes, or places to eat and sleep, where the parlor is so "nice," the furniture so frail, the knick-knacks so plentiful, that the family has no rights which that room is bound to respect; and as a consequence the children are awkward and restrained in it, the man of the house always sure that he's an

intruder, and the servants proverbially careless, because unaccustomed to its sacred precincts. Keep it open, at least in the evening, and make it a "home dress reception" room if you choose; but don't keep its beauties shut out from the childish eyes and the manly admiration of your own household in favor of strangers—or friends who will not appreciate it one half so much "as your own."

Kerosene oil rubbed (not merely spread) on the woodwork of furniture at the weekly cleaning will keep it in good condition.

A broom thoroughly wetted in hot water (or better yet a cloth wrung from it) is better for any carpet than the same thing dry, or than tea leaves, damp sawdust, or salt. A carpet swept first with a pail—or half a dozen pails—of hot water and a big cloth (the sweeper really washing, only that the cloth should be wrung out, and as nearly dry as it can be made), then brushed with a dry, moderately stiff, broom, will look fresh, and have less dust in it, and fewer disease germs, than one that has been swept "dry."

Right here I want to advocate the use of rubber gloves in work of this kind. They save the hands from getting sore and sensitive, and from the tell-tale red which young housekeepers dread, and for which a good remedy ever exists in the "ounce of prevention."

Dishes should never be washed in large quantities at a time, unless you have a dishwasher—which, by the way, you can make for yourself if so inclined. I made or superintended the making of one which actually saved more than two-thirds in the time of washing dishes, and nearly freed them from the continual breaking and the even worse nicking and cracking to which they had been accustomed.

Beds should be made up freshly the day of the weekly bath, whenever that is, not before. The clean bodies should go into clean bedding.

A nice dish for the Easter table is

"Beauregard Eggs," prepared as follows: Boil until hard; cut in halves, and turn out the yolks; toast as many slices of bread as you have people that you wish to serve—which put on a platter; place the yolks in a mound in the center on the toast, surrounded by the whites; over all pour a white sauce made of butter, flour, boiling (not hot) water and salt, proportioned as follows: a tablespoonful of flour, one of butter, and a small pinch of salt, to a pint of water, for each three slices of toast (one egg to a slice). Put the butter in the saucepan, on the back of the stove; stir the flour smooth in a little cold water, and when entirely without lumps add the boiling water;

turn all into the saucepan, stirring rapidly to prevent lumping (which spoils it) over a hot fire. If lumps will come any way—and they sometimes will—strain the gravy as you turn it over the eggs. This dish has the advantage of looking pretty, as well as being nutritious, and easily prepared, and the appearance of what we eat is an important factor. The natural accompaniments are boiled potatoes, coffee, oranges, sour ones preferred.

A fine thing to keep the family shoes looking good is a dressing of vaseline, well rubbed in.

Dust marble, wood, and metal with a soft cloth, dampened in hot water, and kept clean.

TRUSTING.

Thine everlasting arms
Have shielded me till now;
I can but trust Thy words,
As to Thy will I bow.

Father, clasp my hand in Thine;
Naught else here shall claim my
heart;
Let my will be all Thine own;
Make me as Thou art.

Teach me more of self to lose;
More Thy love to magnify;
Lord, Thou art the One I choose!
Thou dost all my wants supply.

—*Candace A. Yender.*

THE NEW WOMAN

(A Drama for Girls.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRESTON PAPERS."

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES: President and Faculty of College. Any dignified well-dressed men and women among your patrons can personate these. Group them at the back of the platform.

Principal or Preceptress. A rather severe looking madame, in black satin, plain and no train, no jewelry save a diamond pin, wears gold-bowed spectacles; hair sprinkled with powder—not much, but just gray enough to give dignity and "presence."

Sweet Girl Graduates. In white, with "mortar boards" and gowns of rose pink. These may be of cambric or cheese cloth; and the "gowns" of a Mother Hubbard pattern, slipped on over the white dresses, and coming a little above the knees.

Diplomas simulated by rolls of white pasteboard, tied with pink ribbons, are handed them by the Preceptress, as she finishes her little speeches of sympathetic ambition.

THE SECOND SCENE finds them dressed in evening costumes befitting matrons. During the interval school may sing——— all rising, while the graduates slip away to dress for the banquet scene.

Preceptress—My Dear Young Ladies: It is to be hoped that you will now let the world hear from you. You have spent four years at Masher College, studying among other things, higher womanhood. The world is before you, and the door open for your entrance. Do not sit idly down, nor, indifferent to glory, content yourselves with any narrow sphere. To-day is the brightest and most hopeful that ever dawned for our sex. What can *you* do to assist in the onward march of progress? What *will* you do? As you come forward tell me, please, what hopes, what aspirations, what plans animate you; and receive my cordial sympathy, my hearty "God speed" as you have ever had my tenderest care.

No. 1. (Advancing for diploma, which she receives; then recites in a clear strong voice, buoyant with hope and expectation): I will write for the New Woman; not such trivial things as masculine editors huddle together in a hodge-podge and crown with the triumphal in-

scription, "Woman's Page;" not the weak novels of E. P. Roe character; not dissertations on lace-making and dish-washing; but, taking my cue from Mesdames Anthony, Shaw, Stanton, Howe, I will write for a higher nobility of womanhood, higher education, and all that uplifts the sex—that my maturer years need not blush for what my youthful enthusiasm immortalized in print!

P. (Proudly.) Well spoken! "Do noble things, not dream them" in your chosen work. Next.

No. 2. And I will paint; not with drug-store cosmetic, to make myself beautiful for ball and reception; but with glowing colors and on real canvas, I will make pictures of the New Woman that shall live when I do not. Art shall be my loving mistress, I her devotee.

P. Good!

"In framing an artist, Art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed."

Do you be one of the "others."

No. 3. For me "Musichathcharms" and I will sing for, of, about, and to the New Woman in all her glory, not in some obscure corner, but from world's end to world's end, and always something that shall enoble and uplift; that shall make men weep for their wickedness and incite women to holier living!

P. 'Tis well! May I live to hear said of you:

"Her voice changed like a bird's;
There grew more of the music, and less of the words."

No. 4. I would put life into marble; chisel the feminine form divine, and by correct measurements help do away with Fashion's follies of small feet (with corns and bunions!) and a wasp-like waist which is neither com-

fortable nor beautiful. Let me be a sculptor whose field is the world, whose perfect model is the New Woman!

P. And again I say Good!

"A sculptor yields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty."

No. 5. I will be a "designing woman,"—not, indeed, in the ordinary sense, but to create new beauties for the New Woman in the sacred precincts of her home, spreading my work upon her floors, ceilings, walls; embellishing her furniture, clothing, table-ware, with the products of my free fancy and deft fingers, warring ever against the hideous conceits that often pass for "decoration," but which like charity "cover a multitude of sins."

P. And you will do well. Taste must be trained and who so able as a Sweet Girl Graduate from dear old Masher?

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness, but will still keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and
quiet breathing."

No. 6. To the hospital I would go, to learn trained nursing, that I may bring the New Woman back from the gates of sickness, perchance of death, to the realms of health and strength—that she may not only compete with but outstrip the Old Man!

P. I feel sure that your ambitions are all right, even if that last phrase has a slangy odor, unlike Masher's vestal virgins.

"Nor love, nor honor, wealth nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour
When health is lost."

No. 7. And I shall find my life work on the stage, before the adoring crowds who flock to see me personate the New Woman at her level best. No third rate theatre nor play shall my services secure, but only the highest of them all will I honor with my proud presence, for which I will accept the beggarly stipend of \$500

a week, with a raise at the end of each month!

P. Remember, then, that

"Tragic actors should be nursed on the lap
of queens."

and do not trail your banner in the dust of the common theatre nor in a common role.

No. 8. (With evident embarrassment, but decision.) I've promised Jack to apply all my higher learning to making him happy in marriage. I'm not even going to wait for my trousseau, but (rapidly and with rising enthusiasm) shall put all the moneys that would be spent on a wedding party and trip into our cozy little home. He's waited now two years—longer than most men would!

P. (Wiping away a tear.) And my blessing go with you, little one! As wife and mother you will find the happiness that the others will in their varied walks toward the temple of Fame. (Lifting hand and eyes.) And now:

"Look down, you gods!
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!"

Curtain.

Scene II.

ALUMNAE BANQUET.

(At the home of No. 8. All seated at table, which gives evidence of a feast having been spread and eaten! Guests and hostess chatting freely as they sip their coffee, crack a nut now and then, eat a bon-bon or a bit of cake.)

Hostess—It doesn't seem ten years since we left Masher, does it girls?

Singer—Nope! It's just like yesterday that we all started out to achieve fame and fortune or have them thrust upon us; and here we are at the end of ten years, every blessed one of us married or going to be, and glad of it! How odd it is!!

Hostess—No, not odd. That's just as it should be. I only regret that our dear old preceptress is not here to witness our peaceful triumphs.

Sculptor—I thought you did expect her.

H.—I did; but last night Jack brought a wire reading: "Detained. Regrets. Glad of it. Will explain." I know that she meant to come. (Ring, at outer door. Servant enters with card on tray, which is handed to hostess.) Here she is now! Show her right up, Bridget. (Servant leaves, soon returning with Preceptress in gray traveling costume, carrying big bunch of bride roses! Hostess rises and flings arms around her neck and kisses her, all the guests taking turns at the same interest ing performance.) I had given you up! We were so disappointed!! What did your telegram mean? (Taking hat, veil, gloves, wrap, etc., which she passes to servant who meantime has drawn up a chair and arranged a place at table for new guest, and who now disappears with the traveling gear, and returns with a dish of soup—this may be hot water, but must steam—on a tray which she places before her and then stands near her mistress for further orders!)

Preceptress—I'll tell you—it's a long story; but let me first hear from each of you while I eat, for I'm nearly famished. I see you're all here, and know that each has accomplished something for her sex, and so for mankind. Tell me all about it please. (Devoting her main attention to the viands that are placed before her, at brief intervals.)

Hostess—I have little to tell, of course, for I married, as you know, at once after graduating and have lived at home with my husband and babies, not even being conspicuous in church work as so many domestic women are. But some of the girls have wrested success from Fortune's closed hands, and to them we will listen. Let us hear from our author.

Author—(stands)—I have been called "popular" and if sales are evidence I am. I do not actually have to hire readers, and I get average good pay for my work. I first wrote for the newspapers, later on for the magazines, and finally one publisher asked me for a book manuscript. It was

the proudest day of my life, up to that time (with evident hesitation) but, but—(all look interested, and Preceptress divides attention between dinner and speaker for a time) but after a time my publisher—(again hesitates, while cries of "I hope he didn't cheat you!" "Failed!" "Asked for more?") offered me a partnership, and I accepted at once and thanked him for it.

Other Guests—So she will publish books instead of writing them!

Hostess—What kind of a partnership?

Preceptress—I hope you'll be very happy, my dear.

Author—I expect to. It's an equal partnership, girls (turning to them) and for life; but is not for publishing books. We are to live our life story together!

Guests—She's going to be married! Did you ever? (They congratulate and kiss her.)

Hostess—That is a fitting termination of a desire to uplift the sex; for all that makes one home better, brighter, makes the entire world better. And what of our artist?

Artist (Rises, while the shadow of a smile irradiates her face)—I painted, refused to powder—or to varnish! And I always painted "woman, lovely woman," and always happy—as by divine right she ought to be. My favorite model had a brother—

Guests (in chorus)—Another!

Artist—Yep, "another" woman made extremely happy by one man's devotion. Oh, girls! (as they rush upon her, hugging and kissing her.)

Preceptress—Young ladies, this is getting interesting. (Passing her cup for more coffee.)

Hostess—Let us hear from our "Cecilia."

Singer—I feel like singing all the time, and have promised to sing life's duet with the best baritone I ever heard! We were on the same program at a charity concert, two years ago, and were married last Christmas!! No cards, no cake, no presents!!! Congratulations are in order.

We are about to start on our tour around the world. I am so happy. (Extending her hand, which is most enthusiastically "pumped" by the others.)

Hostess—Charming! I always thought that a prima donna would sing better if happily married. It's all right to be wedded to Art—if you can't find a good, genuine Man, Old or New, to marry—but Art and marriage are not necessarily incompatible. Where is our chiseling sister?

Sculptor—I put life into marble for a year or two, then my work attracted the attention of a rich New Yorker, who fell in love with my ideal "Eve" and now I'm his "model" wife! (Kisses and congratulations are again exchanged, and little feminine shrieks of "Oh! how lovely," etc., are heard above the hubbub.)

Hostess—Now let our designing woman speak for herself!

Designer—I designed and designed; but it was always and ever for the home or its adornments—much as John Alden wrote ever of Priscilla, thought ever and always of her. One day a bachelor came to my den—and I've had designs on him ever since! A year ago he asked me to design a cottage by the sea—and I didn't refuse!

Preceptress—You will be *very* happy, I am sure, dear.

Hostess—Where is our Florence Nightingale?

Nurse—Here (rising) and I tell you my hospital training stands me in good stead, for I married into a family of growing children and some one of them is sick nearly all the time. They were all down with mumps at the time of the wedding. Measles followed, and scarlatina. These have been flanked by colds, fevers, *la grippe* and other little things; but I wouldn't go back to that old hospital if you'd give it to me!

Hostess—Well, well! Wonders will never cease! Accept our hearty congratulations, and let us listen to the girl whose histrionic powers were to elevate the stage.

Actress—Well, girls, I acted as well as my limited powers would allow; and I did fairly well until the manager asked me to appear in bloomers and ride a bike across the stage. I drew the line at that, and got dismissed, of course. I sued for breach of contract, but lost the case, and won the judge who tried it! Come and see us. We live at 146 Lexington Place, and are "at home" Wednesdays!

Hostess—And more congratulations! Verily, "All roads lead to Rome" in this case. (Turning to *Preceptress*.) You must be discouraged at the small showing we have for Fame's silver bugle!

Preceptress (Rising, side face to audience)—Not exactly. In fact I am somewhat relieved to know that you are all happily settled—and equally glad that *I* am! (Astonishment among the guests, while the *Preceptress* babbles on.) No one can really speak of me as a New Woman, for I have passed sunny fifty. But the New Woman and the Old Woman are sisters ("Some of them have promised to be," from one of the guests) and both are happiest in marriage. My own took place last night, suddenly—and to the only man I ever loved, who went away to seek his fortune while I was yet a school girl. He was in a shipwreck that left him sick and penniless in a strange land, and when he recovered he wrote only to have his letters returned—for my home had been broken up and I had buried myself in a distant State, devoting myself to the only thing that was left to me to do, teaching. Last week his efforts to find me were crowned with success, and—oh, I'm *so* glad!

(Girls surround, embrace and kiss her, in a frenzy of sympathetic delight.)

Hostess—Well, well! The New Woman is marriageable, after all, and may be measured by about the same standards and for the same results as her more conservative sister—the Old Woman; and no matter to what height education leads her, some man

(new or old) will climb it, and find an intelligent loving mate. (*Raising a cup of coffee.*) I propose the toast: Woman—"In obeying nature, she best serves the purposes of heaven." Long may she wave. (*All drink from after-dinner coffee cups.*)

Curtain.

NOTE:—The natural gush of the graduates, and the didactics of the preceptress must not be allowed to degenerate into rodomontade, but many bright "local" hits and personalities may be introduced.

"ORGANIZED MOTHER LOVE"

BY MARY ALINE BROWN

Miss Frances E. Willard declares this to be the best definition of the White Ribbon Movement, therefore it shall be the subject of these notes relating to the rise and progress of the most remarkable movement among women known to this or any age.

Since home and mother are words inseparable, and a home deprived of the mother love becomes only a way-side shelter, it seems eminently fitting that "Organized Mother Love" should be ensconced beside the hearthstone of every home magazine. And because the name of T. S. Arthur was the synonym of "Total Abstinence" to many of us in our childhood, therefore to the columns of the magazine, which he founded and edited so successfully, through many years, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union comes, in response to a most cordial invitation, and immediately finds itself at home.

Often in the crowded thoroughfare, the public assembly or the quiet home, the bit of white ribbon, knotted just over the heart of the woman with earnest face and thoughtful air, attracts attention and arouses the curious and uninformed to ask, "What does it mean?" 'Tis an oft-told story of home and mother love arrayed against every form of evil and impurity, of which the traffic in intoxicating liquor is the chief.

More than twenty-three years ago, a famous Boston doctor, Dio Lewis by name, made a lecture tour through the west, taking as his subject "Our Girls."

While speaking of the future possibilities of womanhood, he also referred to the disadvantages under which woman was placed; chief among these was intemperance in the home.

Dr. Lewis had suffered from the ravages of the drink demon in his own home, and in the course of his lecture would relate, in touching language, the story of his mother's visit to the saloon where his father spent most of his earnings, and how she laid her Bible upon the bar and read these words aloud: "Woe unto him that putteth his bottle to his neighbor's lips." The rest of the story is better told in his own language: "In her mild face there was such a sense of God's presence that when she asked the man behind the bar if she might pray, he not only gave permission, but knelt beside his casks and demijohns while she poured out her soul in fervent petition that the Holy Spirit would work in him a change of heart. That prayer was answered, and that publican never again sold intoxicating liquor to my father or to anybody else; our home became a happy one, and no child of that saintly mother, now in heaven, has ever tasted strong drink or profaned the name of God."

Dr. Lewis urged the good women in many an audience to unite to make to the saloon-keepers the same appeal that had proven so effective in bringing joy to his childhood home.

One or two attempts were made with encouraging results. The most noteworthy of these was that at Fredonia, N. Y., on December 15, 1873; but there was no general uprising until Dr. Lewis told his story and made his appeal in the village of Hillsboro, O., on December 23, 1873, when, using Miss Willard's words again, "the clock of God struck the hour for the Women's Temperance Pentecost."

From that day the crusade fires were lighted in quick succession throughout the United States and Canada; the impulse throbbed across the seas and mother hearts, in many a foreign land, were moved to plead the cause of home and happiness against the powers of sin and avarice.

In November, 1874, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized in Cleveland, O., and adopted as its badge the bow of white ribbon. Since that time no backward step has been taken and now in every land where the gospel has been preached, this little white ribbon may be found, a silent protest against intemperance and all impurity. The organization has a membership of nearly, or quite, half a million women and men, pledged to total abstinence, and the words of our song are a veritable truth:

"There are bands of ribbon white,
 Around the world, around the world,
Gleaming in the dawning light,
 Around the world, around the world.
Surely God doth move His hands
 O'er their silv'ry, shining strands,
Making music in all lands,
 Around the world, around the world,
 Making songs in all the lands,
 Around the world, around the world."



EDITED BY FREDERIC H. LUQUEER, PH.D.

The kindergarten idea of education did not come, like Athene, from the head of Zeus, full-grown into the world. It had its seed time; and it is not yet at the harvest. The ground in which it was sown was prepared for it. The very air about it had become warm with welcome.

The feeling of men, their practice and their philosophy, had to reach a certain level before the kindergarten could thrive. We must go back for a century or more for the beginning of our story, though even so we are far enough away from the actual beginnings.

Perhaps it will be best to gather what may be said of the preparation for the work of Froebel about three great names: Rousseau, Pestalozzi and Hegel. The first may stand for the feeling of regard, of almost sentimental reverence for childhood; the second for the practical work with young children; the third for that philosophical world-view, which was more or less shared by Froebel, and in which the kindergarten principles may have freeest working.

"With all the soil that is upon Rousseau," writes Lowell, "I cannot help looking on him as one capable beyond any in his generation of being divinely possessed." Perhaps the finest trait of this possession was his faith in childhood. This was a part of that larger faith of his that all things as



Photograph by Rockwood, N. Y.

they come from the Creator are good and fair: the reverse is the result of man's artifice.

In his *Emile*, Rousseau becomes the knight-errant of childhood. He would hew away the bonds that repress it. Freedom, opportunity to develop in accord with nature's promptings,—this is what he would win for children. "Love childhood," he writes. "Encourage its sports, its pleasures, and its instinct for happiness. Who of you has not sometimes regretted that period when a laugh was always on the lips, and the soul always in peace?"

As soon as children can feel the pleasure of existence, try to have them enjoy it, and act in such a way that at whatever hour God summons them they may not die without having tasted the sweetness of living."

Rousseau and Spencer agree that "complete living" is the aim of education. "To live, that is the art I would have my pupil taught," says Rousseau.—"Vivre est le métier que je lui veux apprendre." We can merely touch upon his proposed method. That method is neither practicable nor wise. It would separate the pupil from society and bring him up under Nature's guidance. The body and its senses were to be given free play; the law of development within would bring to perfected maturity. In criticism, it may be said that that view of nature which omits human society and human civilization is less than a half view.

In looking upon Rousseau as one of the preparatory forces of the kindergarten, we may forget his declamatory warfare against the customs and institutions of organized society, and may remember his ardent appeals for a better love and appreciation of childhood, his call to the mother to have tenderest watch-care over her child, and his effort to make education give a knowledge not of mere words but of realities.

But Rousseau's instruments of reform were merely words. They, however, were influential. Pestalozzi among others was taken captive by the *Emile*. "My chimerical and unpractical spirit," he said, "was taken with

that chimerical and impracticable book . . . The system of liberty ideally established by Rousseau, excited in me an infinite longing for a wider and more bounteous sphere of activity." But there was a difference. Rousseau could watch at a distance the merry romps of children; his sensibility would be stirred and all his nature glow with sympathetic emotion. But as to going among them and sharing their sport, and afterward bringing them into school with him and teaching them—well, others might do that. Pestalozzi was such an one. His knowledge and love of childhood was gained at first hand; and from children who to most would seem all unlovely.

After various attempts at a career in life, Pestalozzi, moved by Rousseau, became a farmer. He would live in close contact with the soil,—as near "nature" as he could. His past efforts at learning he contemned; and burnt his papers on Swiss law and Swiss history. But his was no selfish aim. With scarcely visible means of support, he still gathered a score of poor, uncared-for children; and sought to teach them as if they were his own. Their learning was not to be a matter of books, but of spinning and farming, and of the honest and strong character that would make peasant life durable and happy.

The farm failed. Pestalozzi was certainly incompetent as a manager. His whole story shows that. He recognized this lack in himself. But his wish to benefit his people through the right education of children was stronger than any discouragement; and soon, by the call of government, he had around him a half hundred children, who had been left homeless or orphaned by the war. This was at Stanz. Almost unaided he cared for them, dressed them, fed them, taught them, loved them. Many of them were wretched little beings. But Pestalozzi gives enthusiastic accounts of their improvement. We quote a sentence or two, because, in revealing Pestalozzi, they show the basis upon

which Froebel built later. "The entire absence of school learning," writes Pestalozzi, "was what troubled me least, for I trusted in the natural powers that God bestows on even the poorest and most neglected children. I had observed (what sweet trait of childhood ever escaped Pestalozzi!) for a long time that behind their coarseness, shyness, and apparent incapacity, are hidden the finest faculties, the most precious powers. . . . I tried to connect study with manual labor, the school with the workshop, and make one thing of them. . . . My pupils developed rapidly; it was another race. . . . The children very soon felt that there existed in them forces which they did not know, and in particular they acquired a general sentiment of order and beauty. . . . The impression of weariness which habitually reigns in schools vanished like a shadow from my classroom. They willed they had power, they persevered, they succeeded, and they were happy. They were not scholars who were learning, but children who felt unknown forces awakening within them, and who understood where these forces could and would lead them, and this feeling gave elevation to their mind and heart."

But soon the soldiers wanted the buildings in which Pestalozzi had his school. And so this first "republic of childhood," as we may truly call it—borrowing a phrase used later of the kindergarten—came to an end.

In 1805 Pestalozzi founded the Institute at Yverdun, near Lake Neuchatel. The principles which ruled his work at Stanz ruled here also. Love and sympathy were to be the atmosphere in which work was carried on. The work itself had the philanthropic aim of bettering the condition of the people. Faculty was to be cultivated. Knowledge was to be of real things, gained in the most realistic way. Life was to be widened by actual experience, not distended by mere verbal descriptions. A hint

of his method is given by this incident at Stanz. One day while he was developing with his pupils a long account of what might be seen in a picture of a window, he noticed that a little girl instead of looking at the picture was studying the real window of the classroom. From that moment, it is said, Pestalozzi put aside all his drawings, and took objects themselves for subjects of observation. "The child," he reasoned, "wishes nothing to intervene between nature and himself."

The institute at Yverdun soon became celebrated,—"the most celebrated," says Quick, "of which we read in the history of education." Foreign governments became interested. Prussia, for instance, sent seventeen young teachers to be trained by Pestalozzi. In 1809 the Prussian minister of instruction wrote to these as follows: "The section of public instruction begs you to believe, and to assure Mr. Pestalozzi, that the cause is the interest of the government, and of his majesty the king, personally, who are convinced that liberation from extraordinary calamities (the ruin of the Napoleonic storm) is only to be effected by a thorough improvement of the people's education."

Having spoken of Prussia's interest in Pestalozzi's work, mention should be made of the good Queen Louisa. There is an entry in her diary running thus: "I am reading *Leonard and Gertrude* (Pestalozzi's most popular book), and enjoy transporting myself to this Swiss village. If I were my own mistress, I should at once go to Switzerland and see Pestalozzi. Would that I could take his hand, and that he might read my gratitude in my eyes. . . . With what kindness and ardor he works for the good of his fellow men! Yes, in the name of humanity, I thank him with my whole heart."

The fame of Pestalozzi reached Froebel, then about beginning his work as teacher. He read his books.

He wished to see for himself the success at Yverdun; and at vacation time journeyed thither on foot. He tells of this in his brief autobiography. "What I saw elevated and depressed me, awoke and amazed me." Later, in order to understand the work more fully, he came again. I do not know that Froebel gained many practical methods from these visits. But he could not fail to get inspiration from the Children's Friend—as Pestalozzi was best named. Their spirit was the same. Happily Froebel was a little more practical, more judicious, less impulsive, and more successful in laying a strong foundation of principle. But of this later.

We have spoken of the preparation for the kindergarten in its emotional and active aspects, choosing Rousseau and Pestalozzi as representatives of the two. But there was and is needed a wider preparation. Humanity has a thought realm, and any new movement calls for philosophical appreciation and vindication. Love and energetic action are the driving wheels of progress; but intelligence should lay as straight a track as it can.

When a young man Froebel read Schelling. Schelling was half poet. Nature was real, to be sure; but it also was a great symbol, by which the soul might be interpreted with larger meaning. As we shall see later this was part of Froebel's view. But Froebel tarried with the symbol. He was not

a philosopher in the sense that Fichte, Hegel, or Spencer are philosophers. But taking the beginnings of Froebel's thought, his trend of mind, the presuppositions that seem to lie at the basis of his doing—taking these we find their first cousin, prim, systematic, deep, in the philosophy of Hegel. Froebel's games and plays are social. The child learns to know its best self as it acts in harmony with the little society of the play and work room. Hegel's moral man is a social man, who realizes his life in his work for and with his fellows. Froebel lays stress upon developing the creative, self-active nature of the child. Self-activity is Hegel's deepest thought. The world is not a chance conglomerate of atoms, but the unfolding and progress of an energy which realizes its own purpose from the beginning. Human consciousness at its best is identical with this realized purpose.

Now it may be debated whether Hegel and Froebel are right in all this. But it would seem essential that the kindergarten have some such sky above it. If it is to be a mere machine, winding out Froebelian furbelows, the philosophic preparation has been in vain. But if it is to grow and to have a healthy, sympathetic life more and more in touch with human needs, it will be true to the philosophic spirit of its founder.

What this spirit was, how it grew, and what it accomplished, we shall try to set forth in the months that follow.



FASHIONS FOR THE FAIR

This is a season of much trimming and many furbelows and the heart of the "New Woman" is sad thereat, while her more sensible sister is rejoicing. Everything in the way of gowns is very much trimmed, not only those intended for the house, but street dresses as well.

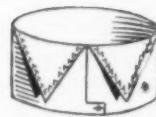
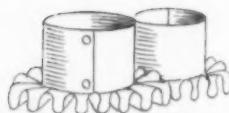
The tailor-made girl is much in evidence, and the best houses are showing models very much braided both on skirt and waist. The skirts of these dresses are invariably plain, fitting closely about the hips with the fullness spreading out below in the back. Panels are arranged sometimes on one side, sometimes in the center, and the designs are executed in flat or round braid and are often picked out with gold or silver. The gown here shown is of this style in pale gray and gold.

The bodies vary much more than the skirts. For those who are warm-blooded enough to dispense with a jacket, there is the tight-fitting waist with frogs and Brandenburgs across the front and bold military trimming on the sleeves. Then there is the box jacket which fits closely in the back, while the front, fastened under a fly, is loose below the bust. This style necessitates either an underwaist or some of

the fanciful neck trimmings, which are the mode. By far the greatest number of tailor bodices are of the Eton or bolero style. These have the double advantage of being removable and of allowing the wearer to vary the entire toilet by means of shirt waists and fancy fronts. They are extremely becoming to slender figures and look well when fitted closely to stouter people.



E.A.



The neck is monopolizing the attention of women at present, almost to the entire exclusion of other considerations. And no wonder, for there is really no end to the "fixings" for this particular purpose. With tailor-made gowns starched collars have naturally come in again, but few would recognize the plain linen band of a few years ago in the various forms now displayed at the neckwear counters. The few we show will give a vague idea of the possibilities in this direction. And the ties are as varied as the collars. One sees very few of the plain black bows so universally worn last season. Everything this year is bright—plaids, stripes and figures are all of the loudest and most gorgeous description. Even ribbon has been pressed into service, and is twisted twice around the throat before being tied in a natty bow or a four-in-hand knot in the front.

In addition to the linen collar there are lace and gauze combinations which are exquisite and expensive to buy, but cost comparatively little to make. It is wisdom to have a supply of these dainty accessories, as the use of them will vary a toilette so that it seems perpetually new.

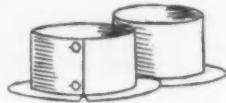
Spring jackets are as varied as spring gowns, but the same inclination to open fronts that is so noticeable in the dresses is also observed in the jackets. The chasseur style is one of the most stylish. It fits closely in the back, having strapped seams and very full underlaid box-pleats below the waist, with square revers in front, reaching to the sleeve. The coat hangs open and has handsome braiding over the darts, with dainty little pockets at the hips. The hussar style is the severe tight fitting jacket with military braiding, and is not so much

worn, because it looks badly when unfastened. The old-time blazer somewhat transformed is again a favorite, as is also the empire, which is worn either to the hips or cut short off at the waist.



Hats are still tipped over the nose and trimmed high in the back, but a little bird says that small hats are worn back with the hair in a high pompadour over the forehead. Panama straws are not as numerous as they were last year, the rougher braids predominating. In place of gauze and velvet and silk one often sees a wiry sort of cloth resembling spun grass. This is very stylish and comes in all colors.

Red is pronounced the color of the season and a great deal of it is displayed in the shops, but very little is being worn. Green and plum color seem to be the favorites, though of the latter one really gets tired. In hats green and violet are a frequent combination, while for odd waists glaring plaids are far in the lead. The season promises to be marked by unprecedented gorgeousness of color and style.

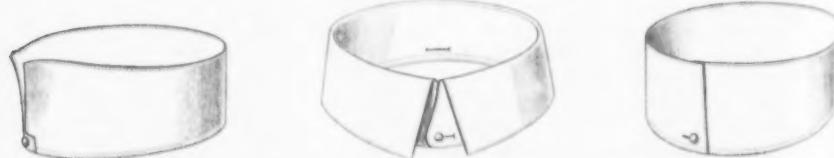


DRESS HINTS FOR MEN

It certainly seems that the fashions for women are reflected in those for men and the spring exhibits show a startling similarity in the general tone. A very liberal display of color is not only permissible, but necessary. Full dress is ever the same, the only variation being in the vest. The leading clothiers are providing "waistcoats" of watered and flowered silk, but the leaders of the social world confine themselves to plain black cloth or white pique. The latter is favored by older men. The dress vest buttons at one side and has the effect of being double-breasted. Great liberties are taken with the suits for morning or business wear. Plaids and checks in rough effects are the favorite materials, diagonals and serges being shown for lighter weight suits. It is in the shirts and cravats that the finger of the new mode is shown.

block of color, with a white ground scarcely showing between. These plaids are gorgeous and glorious. Undoubtedly the more exaggerated ones will be worn by the lights of the sporting world, but nearly all will be generally favored. Some of the combinations are very effective. If one is wise in selecting them, it is quite possible to have something quiet and gentlemanly, and at the same time striking and stylish. With these shirts white collars are worn and colored cuffs. The latter are arranged for links. The collar may be of any style. The leading haberdashers show the turn-down collar made on a high band and fitting the throat closely, and the straight single-band collar, the points of which are to be turned slightly over by the wearer when putting on the shirt.

With the brilliant striped and plaid shirts colored waistcoats—no one calls



The plain white shirt is always correct, but one sees many pleated and tucked bosoms to vary the style. Colored shirts are in the proportion of ten to one, and such colors! The modest pink, blue and corn color of last summer are here again with their simple beauty of dot and stripe, but side by side with them are the latest English importations—glowing red, which will probably not be worn at all. Plaids three and four inches square of the loudest possible tints, pinks, blues, reds, lavenders, yellows and black, are all combined to make an almost solid

them vests—are worn. These may be as bright as one desires, but the point of harmony must be observed and a plaid avoided when a plaid shirt is worn, a plain color being better. All kinds of material are used—wool, corduroy and velveteen as well, sometimes plain, but more often with figured, small dots.

And the neckties! It really seems as if the rainbow had decided to assume flesh—or, rather, silk—and walk the earth on gay days and gray alike. The neckties are dreams. Some of the richer ones in the Ascot, the flowing

four-in-hand and the de Joinville are of soft, pliable silk in two or three tones, the design and the undertone being generally the same, while in these styles and in all other plaids, Roman stripes and checks predominate. A man cannot sin on the side of too much color. He may wear scarlet if he chooses and still be in good form. The de Joinville tied like a four-in-hand is more worn than any other style of tie, but the club bow comes next in favor. The bow is particularly pretty with colored shirts, as it shows all their beauty and brightness, while on a white bosom the larger ties are better.

The love of color is carried into socks. Black lisle thread and spun silk have plaids of all colors in silk on them, and the "all plaid" sock that made a timid appearance last summer is here this spring in all its glory. There is no reason why these socks should not be worn, for with a low shoe a light sock looks very appropriate and summery. Even golf hose are made of lisle thread, for those who like them, the legs being of some solid dark color in close ribs, while the tops turn over to display brilliant tartan or stripe effects. A Scotch lisle leg has a black top and toe, alternate stripes

of some bright color are relieved by smaller intervening stripes of other colors, random chintz effects and other novelties. The golf hose is also made without any foot at all, and in many cases fine woolen hose have cotton feet. These last are preferred for cycling.

When looking forward to the hot summer weather and considering outing dress one must bear in mind that the leading characteristic is ruggedness in everything. Belts must be plain and strong, not over an inch and a half in width, with stitched edges and harness buckle. Russia calf is the favorite leather, but cowhide, levant, pigskin and patent leather are all permissible.

Sweaters are far better than shirts for nearly all outing uses, and they may be as fancy as one likes, giving individuality to the costume.

For those who prefer shirts to sweaters, there is the soft flannel shirt with linen collar. It is generally made with a single box-pleat down the front, closing with three large pearl buttons. It may be of white or cream with delicate tints in stripes and plaids, but the genuine clan plaids are preferred, and the lighter ones are neglected.

GILET.



BETWEEN OURSELVES

The brightest and most distinguished of our old maids will in the May number tell us how they came to be "left over." Our "old maids' corner" will bear watching, for among its contributors will appear those whose indefatigable energy and lofty purpose has done so much to elevate woman.

Booker T. Washington, the principal of the Tuskegee (Ala.) Normal and Industrial Institute has in course of preparation for Arthur's an article on the race problem in the South. Mr. Washington is undoubtedly the leading living representative of his race to-day, and his ideas on the subject with which he is so imbued cannot fail to be both interesting and instructive.

If any of our subscribers have received notices to the effect that their subscription has expired when in fact they have not received the full number of magazines to which they are entitled, we beg to assure them

that the notice was sent erroneously and unintentionally, and we ask them to acquaint us with the error, and when so doing don't fail to give the exact date of subscription so that the error can be corrected on our lists. Furthermore, we wish to inform our subscribers that we will be glad at any time to hear from them. If there is anything you wish to write to us about don't hesitate. We will appreciate it.

It is gratifying to announce the receipt of a vast number of communications from our subscribers, approving the purpose as outlined in the March, and repeated in the present issue, for the immediate future of Arthur's, and we take this opportunity of thanking our friends for their encouragement. May we ask those of our subscribers, who approve the course laid down, that they each send at least one new subscriber or, if they cannot do that, send the name and address of a friend who they think might subscribe, and we will forward to them a sample copy.

When Emma and Lucy go home, Aunt Kate and Ned and Boxer stand on the front steps and call after them

"Good bye, Lucy!"

"Good bye, Emma!"

Little Folks' Department.

OF

ARTHUR'S

HOME

MAGAZINE.



Here is little
Lucy.

The day is so fine,
her mamma told her
she could go out a
little while and play.



Lucy is going to visit her playmate Emma, who lives across the street.

Emma sees Lucy coming and is running down the front walk to meet her.

Emma and Lucy are very fond of each other. They have played together with their blocks and picture-books and dolls for a long, long time.

Sometimes they have great fun with Emma's little dog Trip.

Trip likes to play with them.

keeping store, the big duck Jumbo climbs up on a wood-box and says "Quack! Quack!! Quack!!!"

Ned thinks that is the way Jumbo says "How do you do!" "How do you do!"

When Emma and Lucy and Ned play keeping store it gets late very fast, and before they know it Aunt Kate calls them and tells Emma and Lucy it is time to go home again. They will come to see Aunt Kate and Ned again some time.

Ned has another pet besides the mice. It is a great big fat duck, which Ned calls Jumbo.

When Ned goes out to the shed with his pet mice in a basket Jumbo follows him all around the yard.



He runs and barks to make them laugh at him.

Sometimes Emma and Lucy go out together to see Aunt Kate, a dear old lady, who lives down the street a little way.



Sometimes Aunt Kate lets Lucy take the cat Boxer out in the yard, and when the girls and Ned and Boxer sit down on a mat in the shed to play

Aunt Kate has a big yellow cat, who looks out of the window and watches for Emma and Lucy all day.

The cat's name is Boxer, and she does not like Emma's dog Trip.

Boxer will not let Trip come in the front gate. So Emma has to make Trip stay at home when she and Lucy go to see Aunt Kate.

Trip does not like to stay at home when Emma goes out of the yard, and he always follows after her. Then Emma has to throw little stones at Trip to chase him back into the yard.

When Emma and Lucy get to the house of Aunt Kate they will find her grandson Ned.

Ned is very kind to his little friends Emma and Lucy when they come to see him. He always shows them his pet mice.

One of the mice will do tricks.

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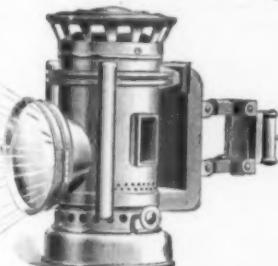
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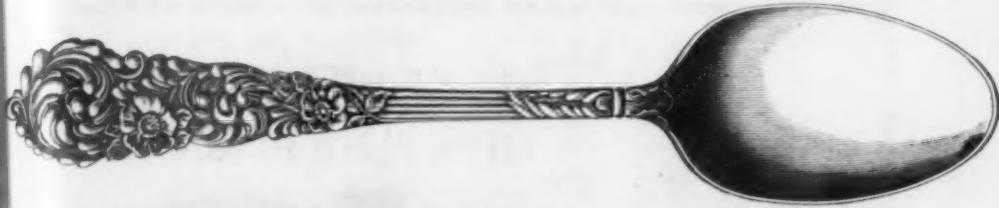
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